What Are You Doing For Peace?
Why Not Send a Child the C.N.?
See back page

The
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL
The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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SOUTH AFRICA DOES A GREAT THING

See Page Two

ADRIFT IN THE PACIFIC

SIX DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER

Brother and Sister Live Through a Terrible Adventure

THE HAPPY ENDING

A boy and girl adrift for six days on the Pacific, in an oarless boat without food or water, sounds like something from an adventure book, but this is a true story, only just come to England from the other end of the world, though it happened three months ago.

The boy and girl were brother and sister, two hardy Fijians, passengers with their father on board a small cutter sailing from the island of Lakemba to Vanua Vatu. Within a mile of the Vanua Vatu reef the boat capsized; but this at first seemed no very great disaster, for Fijians are strong swimmers, and passengers and crew set out quite cheerfully to swim the mile or so to land.

When Darkness Fell

Only the 15-year-old girl was doubtful whether she could swim as far, and so her brother of 19 was told to stay with her till help came. The two were put into the cutter's seven-feet dinghy, and as the others started on their swim the youth, Verama Lema, began to propel the dinghy toward the passage in the reef with the aid of the only oar.

They were nearing the passage when darkness fell with the suddenness of tropical night, and at the same time a huge wave upset the little boat. All night long they clung to that upturned dinghy, a night made doubly agonising by the fear of sharks. Morning came, but when they looked toward where the land should be they saw only a stretch of sea. They had drifted they knew not how many miles during the darkness.

Managing to right the boat and bale the water out, they climbed in; but they could only drift, for their one oar was gone. For five days the sun blazed down on them, and they could only sit and wait and strain their eyes for sight of land, tortured by hunger and thirst.

Amid the Roaring Breakers

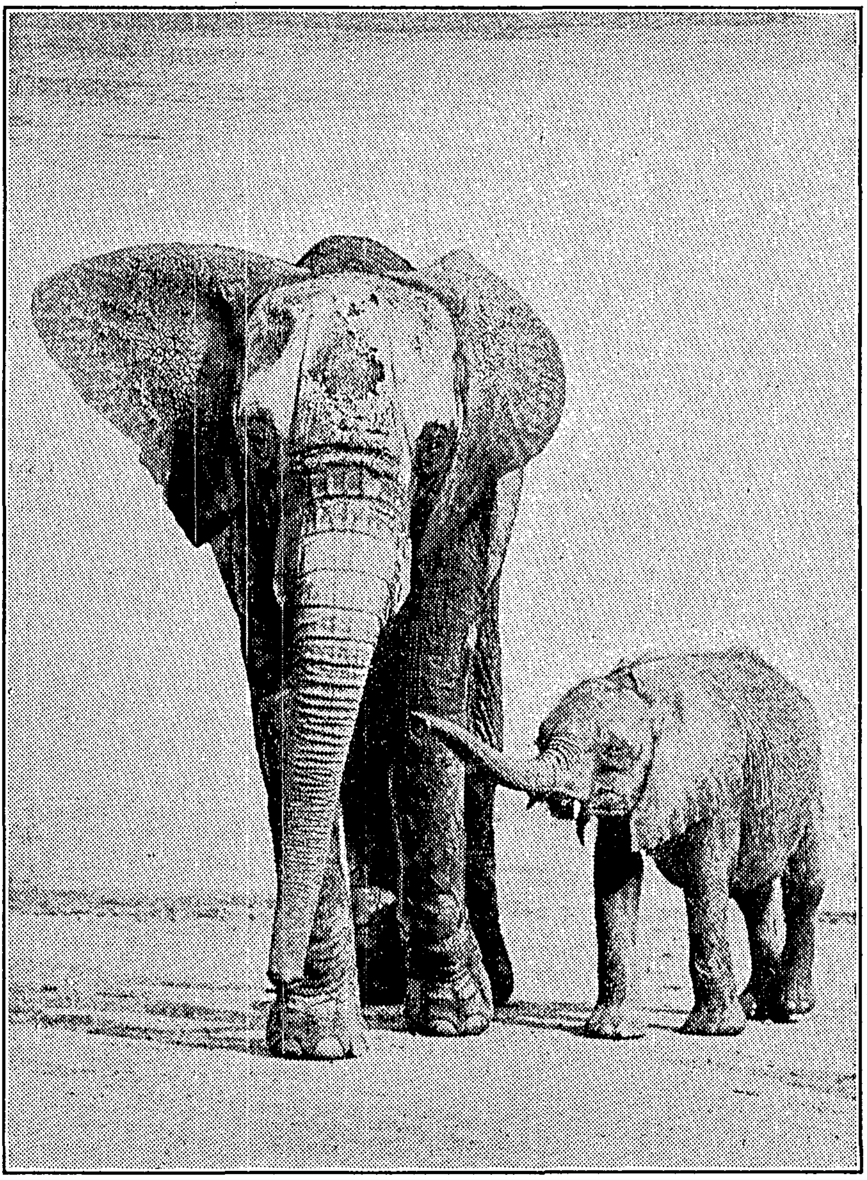
On the sixth day they sighted land. They were drifting slowly to the encircling reef, and Verama made an effort to get over the side of the boat to swim beside it and guide it; but he was too weak. Then he managed to loosen the seat in the boat, and with this he paddled feebly toward the gap in the reef. Then once again the sea turned on them. With roaring breakers it upset the little cockleshell; but this time it was daylight and they could see, and were just able to swim the short distance to the reef.

It was a jagged coral reef, which they walked round till they reached its nearest point to the shore, and then again they had to plunge into the sea. Feebly they swam, but just managed to reach the beach, where they were found and cared for by a native of the island, which proved to be Ngau, about 75 miles from where the cutter capsized.

Few have lived through such an adventure; and Verama insists that it was only by drinking small quantities of sea water that he was able to carry on, a striking commentary on the belief, which is commonly held, that the drinking of salt water by shipwrecked people is worse than nothing.

A Government vessel took them back to Suva on the main Fijian island, where they learned with joy that the seven others from the capsized cutter, including their father, had all swum safely to shore, after a nerve-racking crossing of the reef in utter darkness. But far worse for the father were the days which followed, when they could find no trace of the little boat with his two children. That days so packed with dangers should have a happy ending is the best part of the story.

The Foster Mother



The African elephant at the London Zoo has adopted a baby elephant lately presented to the Society by the Governor of the Sudan. The little one is only four feet high.

70,000 CITIZENS LOST

A Tragedy For Germany

The great exodus of the Jews from Germany continues apace.

The Central Welfare Office in Berlin has been keeping records of the emigrant Jews and it estimates that 70,000 Jews left during the last 18 months.

According to the census of 1925 there were 564,000 Jews in Germany, and by far the greater number of these were, of course, very poor. Only Jews with a certain amount of capital have been permitted to leave Germany, and this exodus of 70,000 includes the most able and efficient of that old race which has given to German culture qualities adding incalculably to her prestige in the arts, science, and commercial capacity. We are sure that it is a tragedy for Germany herself to lose so large a number of people who have proved worthy citizens, but in any case *what are we to think of a nation of 60,000,000 people who are afraid of a minority of 600,000 carrying off all the prizes?*

HOW TO TELL IT TO MARS

WHAT AN ENGLISH YARD IS

After Three Years the National Scientists Know Exactly

A WONDER OF BUSHY PARK

It has taken the scientific men of Bushy Park three years to tell how long the yard is.

Most people, when asked its length, would readily reply that it was three feet, or 36 inches. That it certainly has been since Queen Elizabeth fixed its dimensions in 1584. But how long is a foot or an inch?

The Standard Yard

Well-informed people might reply that the English standard yard is the length between two points on a tablet on the outside wall of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, or set in the stones of Trafalgar Square. Others, still better informed, would say that when the revision of the length of the yard, with the aid of the microscope and the micrometer, was undertaken in 1855 the length was fixed as being that between two fine lines on two gold plugs near the end of a bronze bar kept always at a temperature of 62 degrees Fahrenheit at the Exchequer.

But that, though very accurate, is not good enough for the experts of the National Physical Laboratory at Bushy Park, where all the fine measurements are made to millionths of an inch; and there they can tell you how to measure a yard or an inch so that there could be no possible mistake. They tell not only the world, but the Universe, for they have fixed a standard unchanging, as far as we know, wherever light penetrates between the stars.

Light and Its Wavelengths

It would be no good to tell a Martian, if we could signal to his planet, that the yard was the distance between two points fixed on any bar, even if his telescopes could see it. But light and its wavelengths are the same on Mars as on the Earth or on the star Sirius. Consequently the measurers have fixed the yard in terms of the wavelength of light. They have chosen a special line of light emitted by the metal cadmium when it is vaporised.

As far as we know, the foundations of the stars are the same as of the Earth and if there is cadmium on the globe it will be present throughout the Universe. When it is vaporised anywhere the wavelength of its red line will always be the same. Consequently, when the measurers at Bushy Park declare that the yard is 1,419,818·3 times that wavelength, they have fixed it, not only for all the world, but for all time, even if the intelligent beings of some unknown world should ask for it.

COMING TOGETHER

GREAT GOOD NEWS FOR THE EMPIRE

South Africa a United Nation Before the World

END OF LONG QUARRELLING

A very great thing has happened in South Africa, for it is now a united country, its internal dissensions having received a blow from which they can hardly recover.

Few among the statesmen visiting this country from the Dominions for the King's Silver Jubilee next spring will receive a greater welcome than General Hertzog, who will personify the new nation blended from two races which have been foes for years. The amazing thing about it all is that it is the leader of the race against which we fought a generation ago who stands now as the representative of both, closely united.

Domestic Troubles

General Hertzog is of Dutch-German stock and was born in South Africa in 1866. After leading the Boers in the South African War he became a champion of Boer nationalism, showing great animosity against his former colleagues, Botha and Smuts. In 1914 he refused to denounce the rebellion of De Wet and became leader of the Nationalist Party advocating absolute independence with Dutch supremacy. The more moderate of his race followed General Smuts in his endeavours to make a success of freedom under the flag.

In 1921 domestic troubles in South Africa led to an alliance between the Nationalist and Labour parties and General Smuts was heavily defeated in an election in 1924. There was a proposal to eliminate the Union Jack from the South African flag, while General Hertzog took a view of Dominion Status which made him very unpopular in this country and with the English-speaking race in his own country. But once again wisdom prevailed at Westminster. Complete sovereign independence was made possible for South Africa and General Hertzog's complete loyalty to the Commonwealth was consequently won.

A Noble Tribute

Last year, in spite of the objections of a minority of his party led by Dr Malan, he formed a National Government, bringing General Smuts and others of his opponents into his Cabinet; and this year, at the Congress of this Nationalist Party in the Orange Free State, 80 per cent of his followers followed him into this new United Party.

Speaking at Bloemfontein last month General Hertzog paid a noble tribute to the Motherland. He said that from the moment in 1926 when the British Government declared its willingness to give full independence to the Dominions there was only one policy for South Africa—the extension of the maximum friendship, goodwill, and cooperation with all the other Dominions in a spirit of international comradeship.

The Hand of Friendship

They as a nation would be truly ungrateful unless they acknowledged the great-hearted attitude of the British Government and the British people. There was no other country in the world which would have given them all this with so much willingness and graciousness and with such an absence of self-interested bargaining. Other English-speaking fellow citizens of South Africa had offered the hand of friendship and were prepared to treat the Afrikaans language, culture, and aspirations on exactly the same footing as English. In such circumstances no man of reason could advocate the continuance of the fight, and they must now go forward as a united nation.

It is a wonderful solution of difficulties hard to realise in England, for Dutch is the mother tongue of over half the white inhabitants of the Union.

THE OLD GENERAL

HINDENBURG LEAVES HIS COUNTRY IN A DARK HOUR

Grim Soldier Who Surrounded Germany With Goodwill

MAN OF WAR AND PEACE

I swear by God, the Almighty and All-knowing, that I will devote my powers to the welfare of the German people, increase its benefits, turn danger from it, guard the Constitution and the laws of the Reich, conscientiously fulfil my duties, and do justice toward all.

This is the solemn oath Paul von Hindenburg took when he became President of the German Republic nearly ten years ago. At the same time he called on the nation to join him in striving "through honest peaceful work to gain the recognition of the other nations, and so free the German name from the unjust stain which still lies on it today."

His Work For His People

When we put this noble utterance on record in the C.N. we added our prayer that he might be given strength to fulfil his pledge. Now that he has been borne triumphantly, like some hero of the Sagas, to rest in the national memorial to his supreme triumph on the battlefield of Tannenberg, torches lighting his bier all the length of the 60-mile journey, we may truthfully say that this grand old man kept his oath and worked loyally in the interests of his people. It was he who brought Germany back into friendliness with the rest of Europe and built up the goodwill Herr Hitler has destroyed.

There were many misgivings when the result of his election was announced, for he was actually elected by a minority, the famous Communist leader Thalmann having received nearly two million votes, while Dr Marx the Socialist received only a million less than Hindenburg's 14,600,000. There were misgivings both in Germany and abroad: in Germany because Hindenburg was the leader of the Junker party and an old friend of the ex-Kaiser, and abroad because his name stood for all the Allies had fought so desperately to expunge from civilisation.

A Humane Statesman

But one of the first acts of the new President won the hearts of his opponents at home, for he insisted on an adequate pension being paid to the widow of his predecessor Herr Ebert, the cobbler who gave up his last to become first President of the German Republic. As to the rest of the world, his terrible reputation as a warrior has given place to a respect and admiration for him as a humane statesman.

Few generals have organised the big battalions of war as he did. Never in the history of warfare has been conceived such a masterly device as what was known for two long years as the Hindenburg line, the strongest fortifications the world has ever seen, extending from Arras to Laon, about 80 miles.

The Victor of Tannenberg

He rose to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the German forces owing to his success on the eastern front, a success won because he had taken the trouble, years before the war, to master the territory which would be the path of a Russian invasion. Tannenberg, his victory in the first month of the war, dealt Russia a vital blow to her prestige. He became almost a deity to his countrymen, who erected a colossal wooden statue in his honour in Berlin, and after the war, when the peace party in Germany prevailed, though this statue was sold for firewood for a shilling, Hindenberg was still retained as Commander of the small army allowed to Germany.

He retired into private life in 1919, but events so shaped themselves that he allowed himself to be nominated for the Presidency in 1925. His sound sense and imperturbable character, his loyalty to the Republican Constitution, and his support of such true patriots as Stresemann, changed the attitude of her neighbours to Germany. It was not long before every British soldier left the Rhine and Sir Austen Chamberlain made that famous Locarno Pact which promised so much for European peace.

It is true that in the last two years economic stress has enabled wild visionaries and ruthless ruffians to wreck parliamentary institutions throughout Germany, that Herr Hitler has undone all the good the President was able to do, but even the most hot-headed of the Leaders has never dared to attack the Grand Old Man whom all parties in the Reich had grown to love and reverence. Now that he has passed to his well-earned rest it is the hope of all that his disinterested patriotism will inspire his successor to keep the distracted nation in the path the old General so steadfastly trod.

Continued from the previous column

A NEW MARCONI TRIUMPH

CONQUEST OF FOG?

Steering That a Blind Man Could Manage

AN ELECTRIC WONDER

We always rejoice when we see two or three lines tucked away in the corner of a big newspaper announcing that Marconi has set out on a voyage in his yacht Elettra, for it invariably means some new discovery of benefit to the human race.

This gallant little yacht will go down the ages with the Santa Maria, Mayflower, Fram, and Discovery.

The Elettra herself has recently been used as an experimental ship as well as a ship on which experiments have been made. She has, in fact, been used by her owner to test his latest discovery while carrying as passengers representatives of the world's shipping.

Safety at Sea

Safety at sea has been the most urgent need of civilised man since he ventured from the river beyond the coastline. But, do what he will, fog and darkness have ever been barriers to sea transport, and for many years Marconi has been endeavouring to master these blinding forces of Nature.

The Wireless Directional Beam has accomplished much, but has proved inadequate to enable a ship to navigate in enclosed and crowded harbours in safety. Marconi now claims to have solved this problem too, and has fitted up the chart-room of the Elettra to show his perfected method.

It is the ultra-short wireless waves which are employed to work the new miracle. There is a transmitter on shore operating on a wavelength of about 60 centimetres, entirely free from interference from atmospherics. Apparatus in the chart-room will pick up this wireless wave, and a ship can steer direct toward the beacon. Its path would, of course, show the safety-line for entering a harbour or passing through a narrow channel in an estuary.

The Steersman and the Dial

In the chart-room of the ship there is a dial which is divided into two sections, red and green. All the steersman has to do is to keep the dial pointed where the red and green meet; in addition a high note will sound when the ship swings to the left, and a low note when she swings to the right, so that actually a blind man could steer a ship into the harbour.

The Elettra did not actually use a harbour for the public demonstration; a couple of buoys were anchored, and she passed in triumph between them.

Picture on page 9

HITLER AND EUROPE

CHIEF OF 65 MILLIONS

Germany as a Good Neighbour in Europe?

OR A NEW NAPOLEON?

All the world is hoping that the historian will be able to say that the death of Hindenburg was a landmark of peace in Europe.

It closed the life of this remarkable old man and it set on the highest possible pedestal of power a man who was a corporal in the army when Hindenburg was startling Europe with his victories.

House-painter, agitator, soldier, Herr Hitler has started the writing of a page in history which must compare with Napoleon's. Will he wish history to despise him as it despises Napoleon? Will he wish to leave as little good behind him in the world as Napoleon left? Or will the thought of his power move him to a profound sense of responsibility for the future of the world?

Chancellor and President

He has made himself the supreme arbiter of the fate of Germany, taking over to himself the power of the Chancellor and the President as well. It may not last, for such powers are too great for any single man, and Herr Hitler is inexperienced in statesmanship and has begun badly. But it is not too late to hope that he will see the wisdom of the quiet way and realise that the way of force leads nowhere.

There is reason to hope that with the death of Hindenburg died much of the brutality of Hitlerism, and every lover of peace in Europe will wish well to a Germany which shows itself anxious to win back its lost friends and to live as a good neighbour in Europe.

CHARING CROSS PLEASE COPY

What San Francisco Can Do

A bridge with a length of over seven miles is being built across the bay separating San Francisco from Oakland.

It is to have six roads for passenger motor-cars on the upper deck, and on the lower deck will be three roads for lorries and two for electric cars.

Its cost will be £15,000,000 (more than the cost of a Charing Cross bridge), but not a penny of this will come out of the pockets of Californian taxpayers, for the bridge is a "self-liquidating project" made possible by the recently formed Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It is called the California Toll Bridge.

The money from tolls, it is reckoned, will pay off interest and principal, so that the bridge will be entirely owned by the Corporation in 1954.

THINGS SAID

Only 20 per cent of the British Empire is accurately mapped. Lord Sempill

Any fool can let off a gun and blow up the work of the wise. Mr Ivor Brown

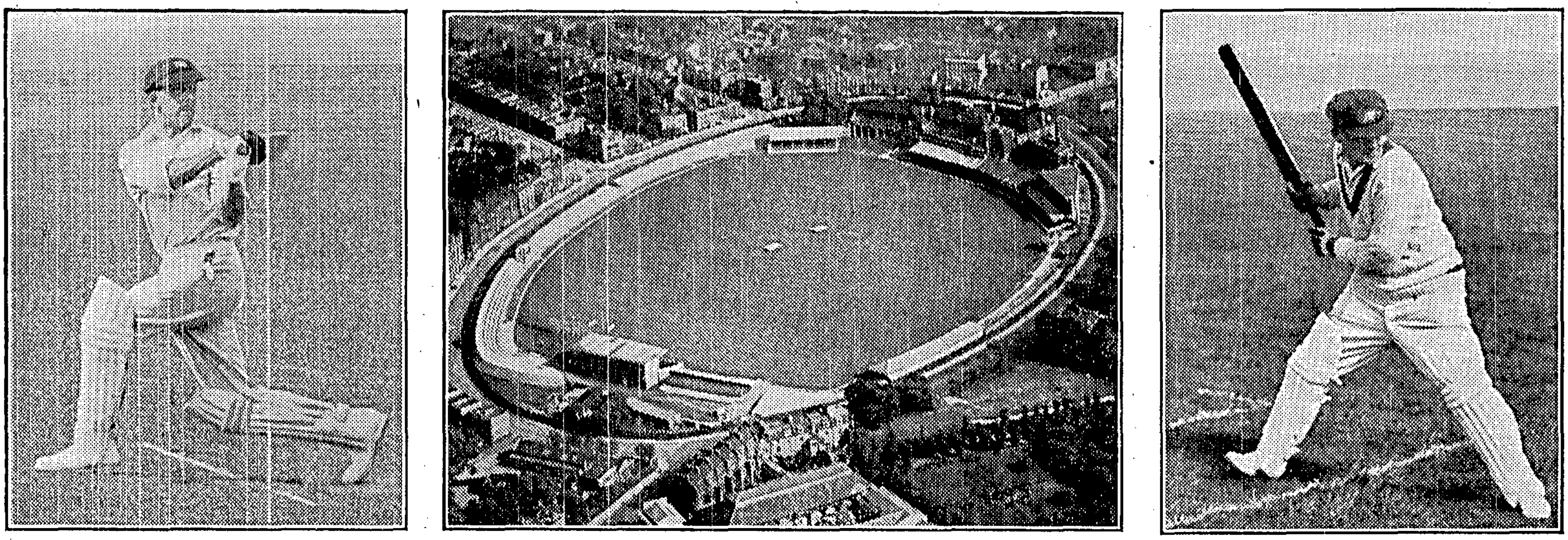
The number of those who have died of beatings or been murdered by Nazis since Hitler became Chancellor is probably not less than 1000.
Manchester Guardian

The only hope of Europe and the world is that Great Britain stands like a rock in a sea of trouble. Sir Thomas Inskip

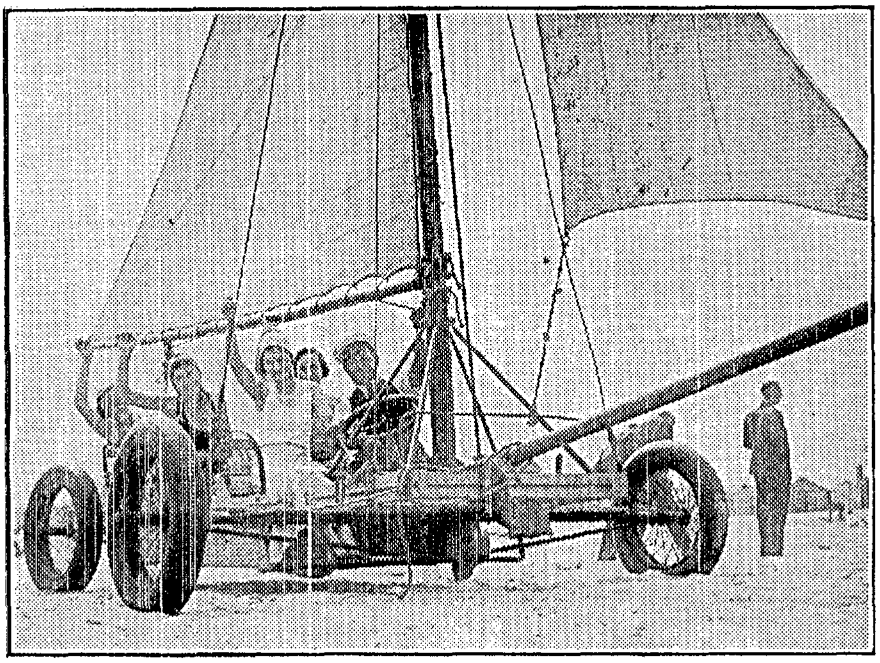
Judging from the number of Americans tracing their ancestry to the Mayflower she must have been bigger than any modern liner.
Secretary of Genealogists Society

The Machine Age, the age of accelerated travel, needs the maximum of sobriety. Lord Astor

THE LAST TEST MATCH · DRY LAND YACHTING · NEW YPRES BELFRY

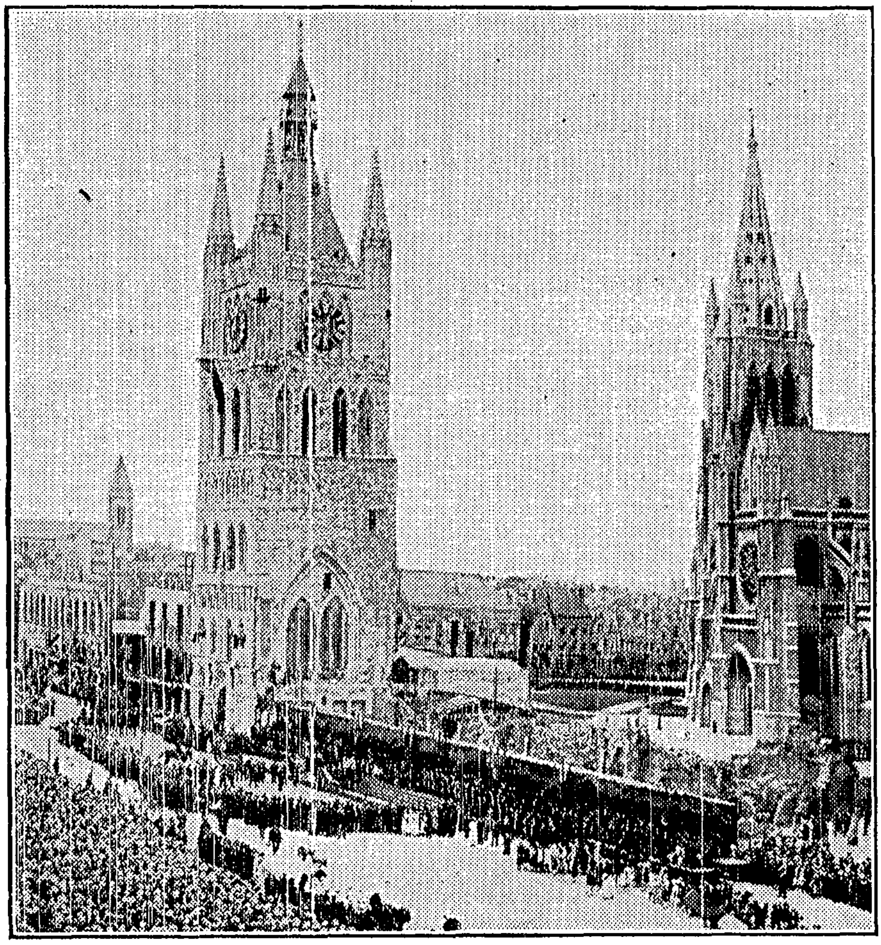


The Last Test—On Saturday the fifth and decisive Test Match begins at the Oval, Kennington. The game will be played to a finish, England and Australia having each won a match, the other two being drawn. Our pictures show R. E. S. Wyatt, the English captain ; an aerial view of the Oval ; and W. M. Woodfull, the Australian captain.

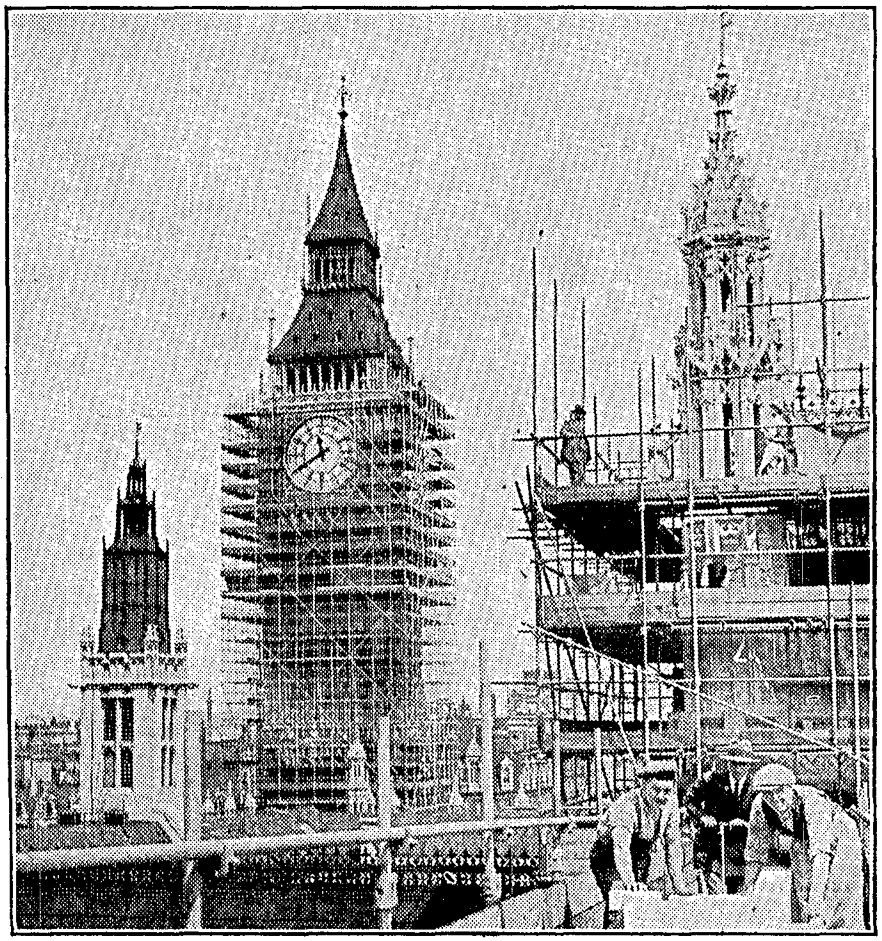


Dry Land Yachting—Even those who are bad sailors are able to enjoy a sail at Skegness, where this land-yacht takes holidaymakers for trips along the sands.

Mural Art—Miss Donia Nachshen is here seen at work on the mural painting with which she is decorating the music-room of a private house at Bracknell. It depicts Italian peasant life.



Ypres Rises Again—Totally destroyed in the war, the ancient Flemish city of Ypres has been almost rebuilt. This picture shows the new belfry of the Cloth Hall, recently inaugurated by the King of the Belgians, with the new cathedral on the right.



On the Houses of Parliament—The huge task of renovating the Palace of Westminster still goes on. Big Ben, after being stopped for a complete overhaul, looks out with a clean and shining face from the network of scaffolding which surrounds his tower.

MOTOR BATTLEFIELDS

TRYING TO MAKE THE ROADS POSSIBLE

Minister of Transport and the New Traffic Act

WEEDING OUT THE UNFIT DRIVER

Our new Minister of Transport, Mr Leslie Hore-Belisha, has received from Parliament the Act which should give him adequate powers to reduce the present tragic chaos on our roads.

The Minister has enthusiastically taken up his important work and we hope that all who use the roads will help by obeying every detail of the new regulations he is making.

There are, of course, certain provisions which Parliament has settled, leaving only the date of their operation to be decided by him. Among these is the law that all riders of pedal bicycles must carry efficient red reflectors, and have white stripes painted on their rear mudguards.

An Injustice Remedied

Another provision only requiring a date (which will probably be January 1, 1935) is that remedying the injustice to third parties injured, or to their heirs if killed, under which they had to secure a legal decision to support a disputed claim. The insurance companies will in future have to apply to the courts if they believe the claim unjustified.

The Act rightly increases penalties for the breaking of the existing law. The maximum penalty for reckless or dangerous driving is two years imprisonment, for instance, four times as long as the period in the original Bill, the longer period being added by the House of Lords with the approval of most sensible people.

Among the clauses to be operated by the Minister are that imposing a Driving Test, that enforcing a 30-miles speed limit in built-up areas, the provision of safety crossings, and the prohibition of horn-blowing at night in selected areas.

The Driving Test

The Driving Test will be applied to all whose licences are dated after April 1, 1934. This power of refusing a licence to those who cannot pass the required test will keep off the roads many unfitted to drive, and as for ourselves we should like to see the test made retrospective, so that any existing licence could be subject to it at the time of renewal. No licence should be given to anyone until after a public test. If the tests show that the new drivers keep a cleaner record than those whose licences have been granted before April 1934 the Minister should ask Parliament for a Bill to test *all* drivers, for there are thousands of incapables at the wheel at the present time.

We are glad to record that the crossing places in London have already proved their value in the reduction of accidents. The Minister is now free to extend this system, and is losing no time in doing so. After all, time means lives, and Mr Hore-Belisha has shown that human life is a precious thing in his eyes. Road deaths can be prevented if all road-users will work together to that end; if we are slack in this matter we share the disgrace which increases with every new weekly total of accidents.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine .	281 hrs.	Tynemouth	2·44 ins.
Rainfall .	3·18 ins.	Aberdeen .	1·73 ins.
Dry days . . .	22	Birmingham	0·98 ins.
Wet days . . .	9	Falmouth .	0·94 ins.
Coldest day .	24th	Southampton	0·74 ins.
Warmest	8, 11, 17th	Liverpool .	0·67 ins.

THE HIGH PRICE OF HITLERISM

GERMANY THROWING HER FRIENDS AWAY

The News About Austria Which Was Withdrawn

NOTHING FAILS LIKE FAILURE

The failure of the Nazi attempt on Austria should not blind us to the fact that, if it had succeeded, it would have been declared by Germany to be a popular defeat of oppression.

There can be little doubt that the revolt, which succeeded only in the assassination of Dollfuss, was fomented by the German Nazis.

Indeed, when the assassination had been accomplished, the official German News Agency published a statement, which was said to be based on accredited reports from Austria, acclaiming the work of the assassins as a popular triumph. Here are extracts from this precious declaration:

The people have risen to judge the Government of Dollfuss. The German people in Austria have revolted against their gaolers, torturers, and oppressors.

This great popular revolt will be understood by all those who have seen and suffered from the terror exercised in the German land of Austria against those whose sentiments are Pan-German. It is the whole people in Austria who have revolted.

The triumph over the Government of Dollfuss is being hailed by Germanism. The new Government will see that order is restored and that Pan-Germanism is given a home also in German-Austria.

The Art of Making Enemies

As soon as the news arrived that the assassins had failed this statement was withdrawn, for the Austrian Nazis were appealing for safe conduct to Germany.

It is permissible to hope that the German Nazis will now perceive that, if they have failed in Austria, they have succeeded in antagonising the world. So, soon after Hitler's mission to Italy, he has ranged Italy against him. Sadly in need of friends, Germany is throwing them away everywhere, and has wantonly indulged in the art of making enemies. The justice of many of her complaints and representations is lost in the anger she has aroused. This we deeply regret, for Europe cannot have a secure peace while such feelings prevail. We do not rejoice in the weakness of Germany; we wish to see her happy and contented, and we do not believe that the German people deserve the extremity of misfortune Herr Hitler has brought to them.

It is for Germany to retrace her steps, and it certainly appears that Herr Hitler sees clearly at last that it is necessary to conciliate world opinion.

EIGHT MEN MADE HAPPY

And the Ninth Three-quarters on the Way

Ten pounds will take a man from the ranks of the unemployed, train him at the Castle Hedingham Rover Scout Camp, and ensure him a job. *This is guaranteed.*

C.N. readers have already sent seven times Ten Pounds and a £5 note, and now another Ten Pounds has reached us from Ruskington in Lincolnshire, and Two Pounds Ten shillings from a reader near Bristol. This means that yet another man will receive training and work through the C.N.; eight men in all and another three-quarters of the way to this Camp of Hope.

Nothing our readers have sent us has created more happiness than the pounds we have been able to pass on to this camp for the unemployed, amounting now to £87 10s.

96 FINE YEARS

JOHN MORLAND'S GREAT LIFE

The Queer Railway That Ran Past His Father's Garden

OLDEST ACTIVE QUAKER

The first winter after the Victorian Era began was a particularly severe one.

One night the old Royal Exchange in the City of London caught fire, and could not be saved because the water supplies were frozen.

It was on this memorable night, early in 1838, that a Quaker mother, Hannah Coleby Morland, took her baby boy John by coach to see his grandmother at Kelvedon in Essex. Despite the severity of the weather and the bitter cold of the journey it is clear that the baby took no harm, for, having passed from boyhood to manhood, and from young manhood to old manhood, John Morland has only just died at the age of 96. His life has covered all but a few months of the reign of Queen Victoria, the reign of King Edward the Seventh, and nearly up to the Silver Jubilee of King George.

Many Memories

John Morland had many memories of things and people. Among the strangest perhaps is that of the now forgotten atmospheric railway which ran at the bottom of his father's garden, after the family had moved from their London home in the Minories to the then countrified district of Croydon.

This railway had been built in the bed of the disused London and Croydon Canal, and the train was propelled by a rod from the bottom of the carriages which linked up with a suction pipe between the metals. The difficulty was to keep the pipe airtight, and there was always a certain amount of anxious uncertainty as to whether the train would reach the next pumping station.

But by the time John Morland had left Bootham School at York, and was travelling daily from his home at Croydon to the School of Mines at London University, the steam trains had been substituted for the atmospheric ones on what had become the Brighton line.

In 1870 John Morland joined his brother-in-law in a sheepskin rug business at Glastonbury, and he was connected all the rest of his life with this firm, continuing to keep some of its books until he was well over 90. His business was one of the first in the country to introduce a welfare department for the benefit of its workers.

A Pattern to His Juniors

He was always very active in Quaker work for education and missions. He remembered meeting Livingstone when he went to Liverpool to bid farewell to a friend who was going out with him.

Till he was nearly 90 John Morland regularly came to town to take part in the Quaker Executive Committee which has met monthly in London for over 250 years, and this tall, kindly old man with a white beard was the most familiar and beloved figure of all at the Quakers Yearly Meeting last May.

At these meetings he was a pattern to all his juniors, for, speaking with brevity and to the point, he mixed the wisdom of experience with a progressive and youthful outlook.

For many years he was a member of the Somerset County Council, and was four times mayor of historic Glastonbury.

20,000 MAKE A BEDSPREAD

Elaine Hett, a blind girl of 18 chosen to represent 20,000 schoolgirls, has presented Princess Beatrice with an embroidered bedspread, made in sections in schools throughout the country, as part of an effort to help the funds of the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies.

NATURE ANSWERS THE TOO-MUCH NONSENSE

NEVER TOO-MUCH FOR THE WORLD

Mankind Needs More and More of Earth's Good Things

THE UNENDING CONTEST

Week by week the price of flour in this country rises, and the inevitable consequence of a rise in flour is a rise in the cost of the loaf. Five times within two weeks recently the price of a sack of flour rose by sixpence.

The cause is the increase in the world prices of wheat, and buyers are in the market anticipating a great reduction rather than a surplus of wheat this year. Crop estimates have been coming in and there is little doubt that less wheat will be harvested than will be eaten during the ensuing twelve months.

Luckily the world has huge reserves of grain, which will be heavily drawn on, reserves which the statesmen of America and other agricultural countries have regarded as white elephants. It is expected that this year's crop failure in America will bring down the unmarketed stores of wheat to the normal.

Our Imperfect Money System

Almost alone in the newspaper press the C.N. has contested the widespread opinion that the world could find economic comfort in reducing output.

Faced with the consequences of an imperfect money system, eminent men have sought to reduce supply to the dimensions of a poverty-stricken demand.

The words Too Much have become a parrot-cry. If New Zealand produces plenty of lamb it is declared to be wrong. Australian butter is denounced as a glut. If there is a fair supply of cotton or corn, we are told to cut it down.

Wheat is the outstanding example of the Too-Much notion. The Governments of the world actually met in solemn conference this year to make plans to cut down wheat supplies. The great wheat-producing nations were to sow less and export less, according to plan. This was to make things better! We sent our delegates to discuss with all the world how to save it by *planning scarcity*.

A Reminder To the World

The United States, having a surplus, made plans to induce her farmers to grow less corn (and less cotton). President Roosevelt felt himself compelled to restrict farming to save the farmers from the consequences of producing plenty!

Then came the drought, to remind the world that plenty is not easily arrived at or secured. Alike in the Old World and the New the corn of 1934 is unlikely to be found Too Much.

It is fortunate that the weather of 1934 did not visit the world after the consummation of a successful plan of cutting down. If such a thing ever happened (and what is more likely?) hundreds of millions would know the meaning of famine.

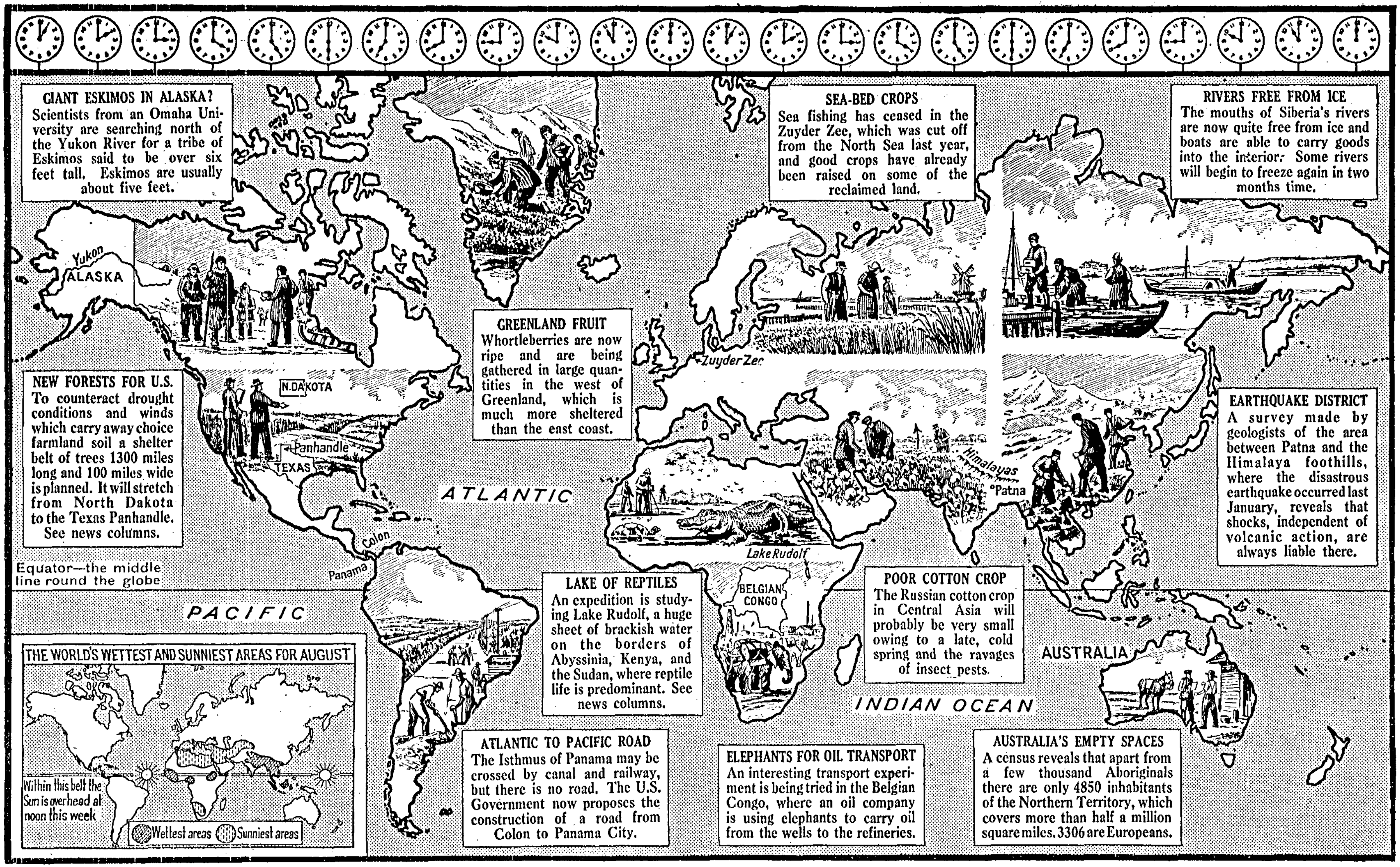
Granary Plans in America

America has now to revise her agricultural schemes. She is thinking of national granary plans to store any possible surplus rather than of throwing land out of cultivation.

Let us hope for World Conferences not to Cut Down Poor Supplies, but to Distribute Larger Supplies. It is necessary to insist that the world as a whole needs enormously more of every sort and kind of commodity than it yet produces. Poverty everywhere thrusts itself upon our notice, even in the most advanced countries. Time to talk of Too Much when all the world's people are acquainted with comfort.

The contest with Nature is unending. Men have good need to shake hands and to oppose their joint forces to drought and famine, disease and death.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



GIANT ESKIMOS IN ALASKA?
Scientists from an Omaha University are searching north of the Yukon River for a tribe of Eskimos said to be over six feet tall. Eskimos are usually about five feet.

SEA-BED CROPS
Sea fishing has ceased in the Zuyder Zee, which was cut off from the North Sea last year, and good crops have already been raised on some of the reclaimed land.

RIVERS FREE FROM ICE
The mouths of Siberia's rivers are now quite free from ice and boats are able to carry goods into the interior. Some rivers will begin to freeze again in two months time.

GREENLAND FRUIT
Whortleberries are now ripe and are being gathered in large quantities in the west of Greenland, which is much more sheltered than the east coast.

NEW FORESTS FOR U.S.
To counteract drought conditions and winds which carry away choice farmland soil a shelter belt of trees 1300 miles long and 100 miles wide is planned. It will stretch from North Dakota to the Texas Panhandle. See news columns.

EARTHQUAKE DISTRICT
A survey made by geologists of the area between Patna and the Himalaya foothills, where the disastrous earthquake occurred last January, reveals that shocks, independent of volcanic action, are always liable there.

LAKE OF REPTILES
An expedition is studying Lake Rudolf, a huge sheet of brackish water on the borders of Abyssinia, Kenya, and the Sudan, where reptile life is predominant. See news columns.

POOR COTTON CROP
The Russian cotton crop in Central Asia will probably be very small owing to a late, cold spring and the ravages of insect pests.

ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC ROAD
The Isthmus of Panama may be crossed by canal and railway, but there is no road. The U.S. Government now proposes the construction of a road from Colon to Panama City.

ELEPHANTS FOR OIL TRANSPORT
An interesting transport experiment is being tried in the Belgian Congo, where an oil company is using elephants to carry oil from the wells to the refineries.

AUSTRALIA'S EMPTY SPACES
A census reveals that apart from a few thousand Aboriginals there are only 4850 inhabitants of the Northern Territory, which covers more than half a million square miles. 3306 are Europeans.

RUSSIA WARNS THE NATIONS

The Message of Her New Stamps

In August 1934 the Soviet Union has issued four new stamps to remind the world of the meaning of an August twenty years ago.

The first, for five kopeks, shows the clouds gathering, symbolising the preparations for war.

The second, for ten kopeks, depicts war's ravages: a village in flames, the peaceful inhabitants fleeing.

The fifteen-kopek stamp presents two files of troops, one departing triumphantly for the front, the other returning, battered, crippled for life.

The last of the series is intended to tell us that all men are brothers; soldiers of the opposing armies are fraternising at the front, as we know they actually did in the last war, where a common experience of misery drew together men who had no more against each other than that they had been born on different sides of an imaginary line called a boundary.

Many strange places have been used as pulpits, but this is the first time we have seen a whole sermon preached in stamps. It is an idea we should like to see spread.

THE CATHEDRAL GIRLS

A band of girl typists and shop assistants in Manchester share Carlyle's conviction that work is the most sacred of all things, especially when it is done "all for love and no reward."

Every Friday evening they troop into the cathedral, and their happy devotions take the form of cleaning the altar ornaments, dusting the altar rails, and generally brightening things up for Sunday service.

Even with a small army of regular cleaners it is difficult to keep so large a cathedral spick and span, so this extra voluntary help is very welcome. The atmosphere of many a smaller church would be more cheerful for a display of similar loving care.

SHRUNK IN THE WASH

Cotton Fabrics Now Being Made Stable

Holiday time raises the question of the shrinking of material perhaps more prominently than any other season of the year, and few mothers have not longed for summer dresses which would "stay put" when sent to the laundry or washed at home.

We buy clothing labelled Fully Shrunk, Thoroughly Shrunk, or Unshrinkable, but, alas, Jenny seems to grow amazingly between one wash and another.

Many methods have been tried to prevent textile fabrics from shrinking, and a new process has been devised in which sufficient pressure is exerted horizontally to force the fabric to the point where it will not shrink. The process is proving so successful that the fabric will not change a half per cent in one dimension or a fifth per cent in the other, and the Bradford Dyers Association has accepted a specification on these lines as justifying its guarantee mark Rigmel. Anyone purchasing cotton goods so marked need not worry to balance up the respective values of Fully Shrunk or Thoroughly Shrunk.

It is hoped that a way will soon be found for securing the unshrinkability of woollen and artificial silk goods.

EEL GRASS BACK AGAIN

About two years ago we mentioned that the disappearance of the eel grass from the North American Atlantic waters was causing anxiety.

We are glad to learn that the grass is now growing again, and there is every indication of a crop being harvested this year. Eel grass is of great use industrially, for it makes the finest insulation known to the building trade. Products made from it are practically fireproof, and it is being used extensively as a sound absorber in all types of modern buildings.

99 CANDLES

The Man as Young as New Zealand

Few people are privileged to have 99 candles on their birthday cakes, and fewer still are as old (or as young) as their country.

That is why there was a happy gathering of 80 members of the Early Settlers and Historical Society at Wellington not long ago to celebrate the 99th birthday of one who is perhaps New Zealand's oldest settler.

He is Mr George Judd, of Lower Hutt, a suburb of Wellington, New Zealand's capital city, and he was a lad of five when he arrived at Wellington in 1840 by the ship Martha Ridgway.

That was 94 years ago, or just about the time when the British Government at last decided to make New Zealand part of the Empire. It was the departure from England of the Martha Ridgway and other ships bound for Wellington at the end of 1839 that compelled the Government, which had not been anxious for another colony, to send out Captain Hobson as the first Governor of New Zealand.

So it was fitting that among the greetings Mr Judd received on his 99th birthday was a telegram from the Governor-General, Lord Bledisloe.

FIRST-AID ON THE HIGHWAYS

The fact that institutions spring up to meet our needs is sadly illustrated by the growth in the last few years of First-Aid Posts on highways all over the world.

The Central International Touring Board tells us that stations for rendering aid to those injured in road accidents exist in thirty countries.

France tops the list with 2000, more than six times as many as England's 314. Belgium, Denmark, Holland, and Poland all have more than we have.

A NEW DANGER IN THE WORLD

Children and the Live Wire

In the same week that the Carnegie Hero Fund awarded a certificate and £10 to a labourer for rescuing a child from a live rail near Mitcham two other children were killed by this peril on the electric railway.

In one case a little girl of 12 had been dared to place her hand on the live rail. She was playing with three other children on a level-crossing between Croydon and Wimbledon. A policeman reported that there were frequent complaints about children playing on the line and that a constable had been stationed there from time to time.

In the second case another child had been dared to death on an embankment on the electric railway at Watford.

Surely it is time that level crossings were abolished on electric railways and until the necessary bridges are built it should be the duty of the railway to have some responsible servant always on guard to prevent such sad happenings.

50 YEARS WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT

Fifty-five years ago, 15-years-old John Petersen left his home in Norway to see the world.

He shipped before the mast on an old-fashioned wind-jammer. Three years of that and he found work in New York Harbour. This month he celebrates his 70th birthday and his 50th anniversary as a New York Harbour pilot, guiding Atlantic and coastwise steamers safely to port.

During his long period of service Captain Petersen has seen every sort of weather, yet it is his proud boast that he has never had a collision. A life well-lived!

Needless to say, Captain Petersen loves the sea, and when he is not navigating it he is sketching or painting it.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
AUGUST 18 1934

Big Ben's Message

SHINING in bright gold Big Ben keeps watch over London town.

We could hardly help smiling at him as we passed, for this tall old sentry in his Clock Tower, looking so new and so fine, seemed a warrant that all was well. Hour by hour he speaks his password, and it may be heard not only by those who catch the deep notes above London's teeming roar, but from time to time it is caught up in the mesh of the soundless ether, to be repeated in the farthest corners of the globe where English-speaking people dwell.

We like to think what this may mean to the lone Englishman, what visions it conveys of the land that all the British race call home.

There is an old fancy about the message the chimes of the Clock Tower ring out :

So hour by hour
Be Thou our Guide
That by Thy power
No foot may slide.

Something in the old rhyme speaks to us with more than reassurance. It tells us of the foundations on which our confidence must be built, and warns us eternally that except the Lord build the house they labour in vain who build.

When we glance about us it can hardly be without a thrill of thankfulness that with us it is not as in some other lands, that the Dictator has no place among us, and that gangster rule is as far removed from our midst as it is abhorrent to our ways of thinking. To keep our law and order we call in the policeman; and Big Ben, the Great Sentinel of London, is a symbol of the keeper of our peace.

But let us not in the midst of our contentment take the credit to ourselves. It was the Pharisee who thanked heaven that he was not as other men are. In this green and pleasant land we are far from having built the new Jerusalem. We have only to look more carefully into our own surroundings to find many things left undone that should be done. The slums are one of them, the poverty in industrial areas another, and many evils still lurk in dark corners.

The true expression of our thankfulness should not be in Pharisaic rejoicing that we are so well off, but should take the form of a determination to make things better. We are blessed in not being so racked with the miseries of violence and murder as other nations. Our first task should be to help the world to rid itself of that menace of war which breeds these evils.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

Eight Peter Pans

WE congratulate Mr Peter Charlett of Yarnton in Oxfordshire, not only on his marriage to an old friend, but on his statement that he is at 71 the youngest of eight brothers who are all still in their prime.

Mr Asquith

Unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.

From the tablet unveiled
in Westminster Abbey

Why We Prefer Trials

WHEN we hear people longing for a strong man to serve us as Dictator and get us out of our muddle, and so on, it is wise to look about the world a bit before we agree.

Constitutional government may take more time and involve more talk, but it makes fewer irreparable mistakes.

Dr Schmid of Munich was musical critic on a paper, and, like most musicians, concerned himself very little with politics. Another Schmid was an officer in the S.A., attached to the staff of one of the men Hitler had shot. Both had the same name, Willi.

Willi Schmid the musician was in his drawing-room playing the piano when a detachment of Hitler's men broke in, dragged him off to prison, and shot him. It was only later that they discovered they had killed the wrong Willi Schmid.

Those tiresome things called trials, which dictators get on so well without, do at least avoid this sort of thing.

Seaside Surprises

VISITORS and residents at Bridlington have recently had some experiences they will not forget.

A bombing aeroplane dropped two smoke bombs within a mile of the shore.

The noise of the explosion and the vast clouds of smoke caused great alarm among fishermen in their boats and children on the beach.

This is not the first time that Bridlington has had such an experience, for early last year a smoke bomb was dropped in the middle of a road and narrowly missed two workmen.

We are sure we may say that entertainment of this kind is not yet desired by our peace-loving people on their holidays.

It Looks Like Rain

THERE are at least 250,000,000 people in the world, we read, who refrain from telling each other it is a fine day, or that it looks like rain.

They are the Mohammedans, who never remark about the day's atmospheric conditions lest they appear to criticise Providence.

Music and Rubbish

THE musical fare supplied to six million homes by the B.B.C. is so important a factor in national life that we ought to take note of what is said by such a famous composer as Sir Henry Coward.

He thinks the vaudeville music is often rubbish, as many of us think. Much of the dance music broadcast is certainly bad enough to arouse the wrath of any lover of music, to say nothing of a composer.

We fear that the popular music receives no proper care, as being beneath the notice of the musician, but we hope this is not so. It is a great privilege to play music to millions, and musicians should not despise the value of popular work.

Tip-Cat

WE are told that the best handkerchiefs are made of lawn. Who cuts them ?

* * *

A BUTCHER has a good trade in his hands. Joints in his fingers.

* * *

CRABS are often caught by children. Theirs is a hard case.

* * *

A MAGISTRATE says that usually he can read a man like a book. And make him turn over a new leaf ?

* * *

A NEW car must be run in. And sometimes its owner is.

* * *

CHILDREN'S clothes don't last long, we are told. Why not shorten them ?

* * *

AN American says there are many relics of bygone times in London. He must have been trying a post office pen.

Peter Puck Wants to Know

If miners have coaled hands and warm hearts

* * *

WHAT do we notice when summer goes ? asks a naturalist. Autumn leaves.

* * *

WHAT does a gardener need chiefly ? asks a correspondent. A bit of ground.

* * *

A BOY should be as true as steel, says a schoolmaster. Hard to live up to.

* * *

BEWARE of a boat with a list. Unless it is one of provisions.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MANY Lancashire holiday clubs show an increase in savings this year.

LADY NORTHCOTE'S will sets up a fund for poor children to emigrate to Australia.

FOUR acres of Suffolk beauty known as Kyson Hill has been given to the National Trust by Mr R. C. Notcutt.

JUST AN IDEA

The last generation saw the youth of the world go out to die because the world had not yet learned how to live.

To Those Who Would Shut Us Up

A Great Word From Other Days

Some years ago a journalist was writing the noble words we give below, and the other day Mr Baldwin read them out in Parliament as a reminder of the folly of those who talk in Fleet Street as if we could shut ourselves off from the rest of the world. They are great words, by Mr F. S. Oliver, in his work on our first Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole.

PEOPLE whose home is Britain cannot escape from their particular environment. Isolation is the bubble of a distempered imagination.

Weary with an apparently insoluble confusion, tested by endless provocations, haunted by the memory of a thousand blunders in the past, British statesmen have sometimes been tempted to bid the other nations of Europe go their ways and let us go ours in peace. But the very essence of the matter is that no one of us can go his own way.

Individual men may go, as the Pilgrim Fathers went, but the nations cannot go; and it is not the worst of human kind who choose to stay where they were born, and since we are forced to stay we must play our various parts manfully or be borne under.

If we allow our prestige to become impaired, if we shirk responsibility and let things of moment go by default, in other words, if we cease to care whether our strength is recognised or not, whether our voice is audible or not in the councils of Europe, we lose the chief security for our independence. We risk our own ruin, we injure the whole Continental fabric. Confusion and disaster will follow as certainly as if one of the planets in the solar system should cease to pull its weight.

If aloofness is inconsistent with our own safety it is equally inconsistent with public morality. To be a good European is no mean patriotism.

Penny Wise

PENELOPE ANN DRINKWATER, called Penny, is a wise child.

She chose a poet for her father and a violinist for her mother, so she shall have music wherever she goes. Moreover, she decided to be born on Mr Bernard Shaw's birthday, and the other day Sir Barry Jackson gave a lovely party, complete with birthday cake, for both of them.

Penny was five, and Mr Shaw 78.

From the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, came a telegram: *Love and Happy Returns to the Sovereign and the Penny. Margaretta Scott.* There were lots of other messages and parcels.

He gave her £1 in an envelope inscribed with the old lines

In for a penny,
In for a pound.

What she gave him we do not know, but we believe it was a kiss.

And the consequence was they had a delightful afternoon.

EUROPE'S STORM CENTRE

AUSTRIA'S NEIGHBOURS

The Critical Situation the Great War Brought About

MANY COUNTRIES AND THEIR TROUBLES

Six countries distracted Austria has on her borders, as we stated the other day.

Perhaps we do not often think of the unique situation of this fragmentary State made new by the Peace Treaty of Versailles, which attempted to resolve into definite political compartments the States shattered by the war.

The Austria-Hungary of 1914 consisted of the Empire of Austria (including Bohemia and other dependencies) and the Kingdom of Hungary with its dependencies of Croatia and Slavonia. It also included Bosnia and Herzegovina.

These territories numbered some 53 million people of many races. It was at the capital of Bosnia, Serajevo, that in June 1914 the Austrian heir and his bride were assassinated, beginning the war.

Austria's Post-War Plight

Austria-Hungary went to pieces in the war, and the Peace Treaties partly registered accomplished facts.

Hungary was reduced from 125,000 square miles and 21 million people to 36,000 square miles and eight million people. Austria was reduced to 32,000 square miles and less than seven million people. Italy took the Trentino and the Upper Adige. She also conquered Trieste and Istria, thus regaining in the North her ancient and natural mountain frontier. Anxious to retain this, she fears the union of Austria with Germany.

Hungary, shorn of so much land, never ceases to demand the return of some of it. Three States, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Yugo-Slavia, rule millions of her lost citizens.

Fear of Austro-German Union

Czecho-Slovakia, north of little Austria, consists of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, Carpathia, and Ruthenia, all portions of the old Austrian Empire. She fears treaty revision, and therefore opposes the union of Germany and Austria. She is allied with France and other States on that account.

Rumania, east of Hungary, took Transylvania from Hungary and Bukovina from Austria. She too dreads treaty revision and is allied to resist it.

Yugo-Slavia consists of the pre-war Serbia together with Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia-Slavonia, Dalmatia, Montenegro, and a small part of Hungary. It is a conglomeration of diverse elements, but in so far as it is a unity it is opposed to a Greater Germany that might cut its way south to the Adriatic. Yugo-Slavia has a special hatred for Italy, but is one with Italy in opposing German union with Austria.

France and the Little Entente

Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Yugo-Slavia are closely allied and are often termed the Little Entente. They shared the spoils of war and are leagued to keep them. France is bitterly opposed to any union between Germany and Austria, which is, indeed, forbidden by the Peace Treaties. Hence her alliance with the Little Entente States and with Poland.

Austria is thus the centre, not of one trouble, but of a host of fears, jealousies, and resentments. These do not appear directly to affect us in the United Kingdom, but no part of the world can suffer without causing suffering to all. We need, therefore, to try to understand Austria's relations with her neighbours.

Austria became, under Dollfuss, a Fascist State on the Italian model, and his cruel death does not change this position. The Nazis of Austria aim at union with Germany, and the root difference between Austrian Fascists and Austrian Nazis is in this matter of German union.

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

At least one great body of people has faith in the power of Love to save the world.

This is what the Executive Committee of the Society of Friends (the Quakers) says.

Love is not some weak and negative influence but a conquering power which is capable of transforming suspicion and hatred into confidence and comradeship.

The time has come for us as a nation to put our trust in that power. We are called to become instruments of the active spirit of love in the world's life. Our belief is that this nation should conquer its fears and give the world an example of complete disarmament.

Such an act of faith would bring to the world a new hope and a new courage, a changed atmosphere in which it would be possible to reach that international understanding for which the peoples of the world are waiting. Thus will our Christian belief in the Fatherhood of God and the relationship of His children lead us along the path of international righteousness to a fuller life for all mankind.

Along that path some nation must give a lead. We take risks in war—we can take risks for peace. We appeal to all men and women to enter upon this great adventure with faith and boldness.

HARVEST TIME

Harvesting goes on in an English field while the grain markets are agitated by reports of the failure of the American wheat crop and the price of flour rises. See page 4.

OUR TENNIS NUMBER ONE

England's Lawn Tennis Number One, Fred Perry, is now on his way to the United States with the hopeful intention of showing his friends F. X. Shields and Sidney Wood that there was no mistake about his victories at Wimbledon.

He is the first Englishman of his generation to win back the title of English champion after the many years it had been held by Americans, Australians, and Frenchmen; and when he had done so he gaily said, And now for the Davis Cup.

From the first he was confident we should continue to hold that much-sought trophy, and his share in keeping it, though now an old story, will often be told again. The last set he won, of 28 games, when both he and his opponent Shields were nearly dropping with fatigue and kept upright only by will-power, will be quoted as long as the world contends for the Cup.

Before he started for America Perry boyishly declared that there it was all bustle and rush, but he liked it. He proved his liking last year when he swept up the American championship. His last opponent then was Jack Crawford, the Australian, whom he beat then as he afterwards beat him at Wimbledon. As soon as the American championships are over he will be off to Australia to find this old friendly enemy again.

It is safe to say that we shall hear a good deal of him in the next few months, for he will all the time be in the sun.

Meanwhile his colleague and helper H. W. Austin remains in the shade, rather eclipsed by Perry's glory; but it should not be forgotten that this modest hero (who, after all, is the most accomplished stroke player in the world now that Tilden and Cochet have placed themselves on the professional shelf) laid the foundations of our victory in the Davis Cup by demolishing Shields in the first match, and showed that this was good play and not good fortune by beating Sidney Wood in the last.

THE OLD FOLKS IN THE CLOUDS

A SURPRISE FOR 100 PEOPLE

Darbys and Joans of Denmark Have a Very Great Day

AS GOOD AS NEW

By a Continental Correspondent

It must be thrilling to have the greatest experience of your life come when you are over seventy, and to be so utterly satisfied with it that you feel like folding your hands and saying: "I don't mind if life ends here and now; it can bring me nothing to transcend this."

This is what happened to exactly one hundred human beings, men and women, the other day, the youngest being over seventy and the oldest 97. They were one and all people who had given up expecting anything more from life and had retired to homes for the aged to end their days in peaceful obscurity.

A Free Flight

Then the incredible happened. The great Danish paper Politiken had the interesting thought of offering a free aeroplane ride to a hundred men and women selected from three of Copenhagen's Homes for the Aged.

It was a most tremendous affair. At 2 p.m. motor-cars went round to fetch the favourites of fortune on whom the lot had fallen. They were all ready and waiting; some had been waiting for hours, so afraid were they of being left behind. Much hilarity was caused by the discovery that the cars bore posters with the inscription, The Young People's Air Ride.

But were they not young, these septuagenarians and octogenarians who were setting out all agog and on pleasure bent, like Mrs John Gilpin, to enjoy a new experience which everyone knows is not without its hazards? Two beautiful red Fokker planes were waiting for them on the flying-ground, and they were taken up in batches.

Cup of Happiness Full

Eye-witnesses reported that there was not a single case of last-minute shrinking or nervousness; all went up confidently and came down with cheeks aglow and eyes shining with joyous excitement. There was no one there who would not gladly have gone up a second time, but as this was impossible they were swept off to a restaurant for coffee and cakes.

It was then that a dear little old lady announced with a radiant smile that she wouldn't mind dying then and there, for her cup of happiness was full to overflowing. Another became thoughtful and philosophical, as though that little turn in the ether had given her a bird's-eye view of her whole life.

"As we were floating above those green fields (she said) I was reminded how I used to hoe turnips there when I was a girl of 12. I have slaved and drudged all my life, and I'm not sorry for it; for it's made my six children grow up decent and hardworking too. One of my boys is in Boston and doing well."

Thank You

Many of the company could look back on the time of the stage coach and the first railway, remembering how people had shaken their heads at the thought of a speed of about 20 miles an hour, and now they had flown at 120 miles without turning a hair!

When the coffee drinking was over the eldest lady present shyly laid on the table a letter expressing the thanks of all for the treat they had had. Then the cars came round and they were whisked home again, but not to the grey and prosaic life of yesterday. A great gulf lay between then and now. For many years they had been on the shelf, too frail, it was thought, for daily use; but someone had had the happy thought of taking them down again, and, lo, they had proved as good as new!

MR ROOSEVELT AND THE CLIMATE

CAN HE ALTER IT?

Thousands of Millions of Trees to Keep Back Dust Storms

REMARKABLE SCHEME

Dust storms in the Sahara sometimes carry sand for 2500 miles; but that is to be expected; the Sahara is a desert.

When a dust storm carried soil from the farmlands of the Dakotas to New York last May, only half the distance covered by the Sahara storms, President Roosevelt decided that something must be done to prevent great stretches of North America being turned into desert. The cruel heat and terrifying droughts of this summer strengthened his conviction. With the President's characteristic boldness he has embarked on the most colossal scheme the world has yet seen to alter the climate of a great slice of the continent.

Work For Ten Years

The idea is to plant over 3000 million trees in 100 woods a thousand miles long and seven rods wide. They are to reach from the Canadian border, near the middle of North Dakota, right away down to Texas, as far south as they will grow. Between each wood an open space a mile wide will be left, offering ideal farming conditions.

The work will take ten years, employ great numbers of people, and cost £15,000,000. The money comes from the drought relief fund, and will be paid to the inhabitants of the region for the two million acres of land used, for fencing to protect the woods, and for the labour of ploughing and planting.

The new forest, which will occupy the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, is expected to do many things besides induce a more plentiful rainfall on its eastern side, the granary of America. It should check the "run-off" of rain falling on the eastern slope of the divide and so delay the erosion of the soil which has been going on far too rapidly in recent years, due to alternate droughts and downpours.

Restoring Timber Waste

It will also serve as a wind-break, preventing the terrific winds of the prairies from tearing up the dry top-soil in their devastating career.

And, last but not least, it will provide a good supply of timber for the next generation, replacing much that the last generation has wantonly wasted, and preventing the great United States from waking up some morning and finding herself like China, suffering from an acute timber famine.

The vast amount of preliminary work necessary to carry out this magnificent scheme will take about 18 months. Tree planting on a large scale should begin in 1936. The task of acquiring the land has been already begun. *See World Map*

DRINK MORE MILK

The Marketing Board and Its Good Taste

We are delighted to hear from the Milk Marketing Board that its officials are in no way responsible for the Drink More Milk advertisement on the Wiltshire Downs.

The C.N., in company with other papers, was misled by this use of their slogan, evidently by somebody in Wiltshire without authority from the Board. The indignation with which the Board denies our suggestions of bad taste is most encouraging, for it proves that, on the contrary, the Board's taste in advertising is all that it should be.

We may hope that the actual author of this advertisement disfiguring the Downs has realised his mistake by now, and that there will be No More Ugliness however Much More Milk there may be.

AN EERIE, OOZY HOME

WHERE LIZARDS AND CROCODILES WALLOW

An Expedition Goes Out To Study the Reptile Age

BATS THE ONLY MAMMALS

An expedition is investigating Lake Rudolf, a brackish sheet of water of about 3000 square miles, which lies 1300 feet above the sea and is within the borders of Abyssinia, Kenya, and the Sudan.

It was discovered by German explorers in 1888 but not many civilised people visit it, for it is anything but a pleasure resort.

Students of natural history, however, especially those interested in the evolution of animal life, regard it with great interest, for it is one of the few places left on the face of the globe where the reptiles are lords much as they were millions of years ago before the mammals were evolved.

Nightmare Forms of Life

The members of the expedition are living on a small volcanic island of some four square miles, keeping as far as they can from the steam and sulphur vapours which still rise from holes in the ground. There are crater lakes, too, one extending for half a mile and only separated from Lake Rudolf by mud banks.

Both on land and in the water swarm nightmare forms of life, for crocodiles come and go from lake to lake, while monitors larger than man prowl slowly round, digging for the crocodile eggs on which they feed. The long tongues of these lizards give an eerie effect as they are thrust in and out, for their colour is purple and they remind observers of mythical dragons. Monster turtles swim slowly round, ignoring the crocodiles, whose teeth would break against their hard shells.

A few types of birds share these uncomfortable quarters with the reptiles, quaint spoonbills laying their orange-speckled eggs on rocky ledges, and the razor-billed skimmers, a species of terns receiving this name from their curious flight over the surface of the water.

The Night Boarders

Then there are cormorants, which are apparently only night boarders, flying away to the mainland at break of day and returning at dusk.

Of course there are insects; but, strangely enough, the scavenger beetles, most needed in these slimy swamps, are not found.

Such spots as this will become rarer as civilisation spreads. There is something repulsive to human beings in reptile life, a repulsion which is felt perhaps by all the mammals. Only the keenest enthusiasm would bring even scientists to such an island as this, where the only creature of which one could make a pet is probably one of the bats, the only mammals, apparently, which have ever existed here. *See World Map*

A FINE IDEA ON THE G.W.R.

The name of a humble carriage cleaner on the G.W.R. will often be on the tongues of nurses and their patients who travel on the line.

He is Mr Parratt, who has invented a new form of stretcher small enough to pass through an ordinary carriage door and rest on the carriage seat.

Ordinary hospital stretchers are too large for this purpose, so that if a patient is too ill to be transferred from the stretcher to a carriage seat, and cannot afford a special ambulance coach, stretcher and patient have to be accommodated in the luggage van, which has double doors.

The new stretcher has the advantage of being adaptable for carriage in confined spaces. It is fitted with a shock-absorber bed, and can be fixed to any standard stretcher in an ambulance.

AN EMPIRE SCHOOL

The Idea of Kingsley Fairbridge

FIRST FRUITS OF £100,000 APPEAL

It is not two months since we recorded the handing of £1000 to the secretary of the Child Emigration Society by the Prince of Wales.

The cheque was toward the £100,000 the Society is trying to raise for the establishment of three farm schools on the model of the famous Fairbridge School founded in Western Australia by Kingsley Fairbridge, a Rhodes scholar who died ten years ago.

At the annual meeting of the Society the other day the secretary announced that over a quarter of the required sum had already been received and that in consequence they were definitely going to make a start in the establishment of a Fairbridge School in British Columbia.

Government Help

Mr Malcolm MacDonald, Under-Secretary for the Dominions, was present at the meeting to bless the scheme and to announce that the Government would give substantial financial help toward this new venture, which is regarded as the best and most successful of all forms of migration. This view was supported in person by Sir Hal Colebatch, Agent-General for Western Australia, where the original farm school was started at Pinjarra 25 years ago. Then 15 English children began their new life there. This year 137 are going there, 50 more than last year.

Sir Hal declared that this form of migration was the most promising of all, and urged that it would be a good thing if more men with capital to invest would go out themselves to help to build up the young Dominions instead of merely lending their money to Governments. Australia at present was losing population rather than gaining it. She was also sending out more wealth each year than she was receiving, by no means a healthy state of affairs for a young country still in the development stage.

We hope British Columbia will not be the only province in the New World to start a Fairbridge School. The great idea of Kingsley Fairbridge should spread to every Dominion and Colony under the flag, for the linking up of all parts of the Empire was his dream, as it was the dream of Cecil Rhodes, whose scholarship gave Kingsley Fairbridge his own chance.

NEW ZEALAND THANKS FARADAY

Power From Her Rivers and Lakes

New Zealand, which has harnessed the water-power of her lakes and rivers to provide electric power, owes much to Michael Faraday, who discovered just a hundred years ago that electricity could be generated by the action of moving magnets.

This debt has lately been acknowledged by the erection of a memorial to him at the important electric power station at Lake Coleridge, a mountain lake 50 miles from Christchurch.

"This tablet," states the inscription, "was erected by the Christchurch City Council in grateful recognition of the benefit which has resulted from Michael Faraday's discovery and as a tribute to the simplicity and modesty of his character."

Opposite the tablet stands another, erected a few years previously, in memory of Hans Christian Oersted, the Danish scientist who in 1819 discovered the connection between electricity and magnetism.

New Zealand has produced an eminent scientist in Lord Rutherford, who will perhaps rank with Faraday in the eyes of future generations.

COUNTING THE WORLD

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS

Over Two Thousand Millions of Us on This Troubled Globe

EMPTY OCEANIA

There were 2042 million people in the world at the end of 1932 according to the League of Nations Year Book.

Many races are still uncountable. There is Ethiopia, for example, the people of which are estimated at from five to ten millions.

On the whole, however, we may take it that the League's 2042 millions for all the world is not far out, the possible error probably not amounting to more than one per cent either way.

Here are the Continents, in order of numerical importance, with their millions of people:

Asia	1113
Europe	515
America..	260
Africa	144
Oceania	10

Thus Asia has more than half the world's people and more than twice as many as Europe.

Europe's biggest part is Soviet Russia, which has 130,700,000 people. Russia has also 35 million people in her Asian territories, so that the Soviet aggregate is 165,700,000.

After Russia the largest European States are: Germany 65 millions, United Kingdom 46, France and Italy each with rather less than 42 millions, Poland 33, Spain 24.

Asia is accounted for mainly by China with 450 millions, India with 359 millions, and Japan with 66 millions. The Chinese figure is only partly based on Census Reports and those of doubtful validity. The 450 millions may be held to cover not only China proper, but Manchuria, Mongolia, Sinkiang, and Tibet.

India numbered 359 millions in December 1932. In 1921 she numbered 319 millions; in 1872, 206 millions. She is now adding about four millions every year.

America and Europe

America, north to south, as yet numbers less than a half the population of Europe; the United States leads with 125 millions. Canada has only 10,590,000 men, women and children. All South America counts 87 millions, with Brazil leading at 44 millions, and Argentina second with less than 12.

Africa has only 144 millions, of whom 37 millions are under British rule and nearly 37 millions under French rule. Egypt has 15 millions. The 13 millions lately ruled by Germany are now placed under England, France, and Belgium.

Finally we have the scattered lands of Oceania, which in all have only ten millions. Of these 6,600,000 are in Australia and 1,534,000 in New Zealand.

The League does not attempt to number the world's Whites, but it is believed that they form about one in three of the world's population.

A PARASITE TO THE RESCUE

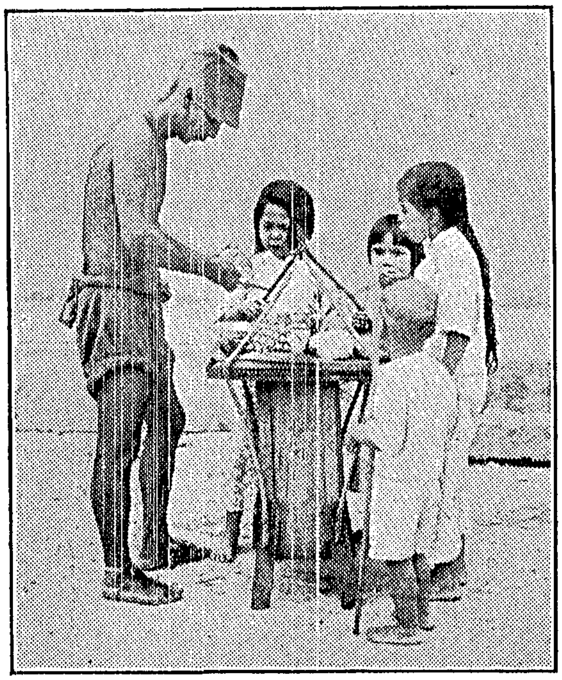
Saving New Zealand's Oaks

The oak trees planted by the early colonists in New Zealand, which make the landscape of the new country so like that of the old, have been saved from threatened destruction.

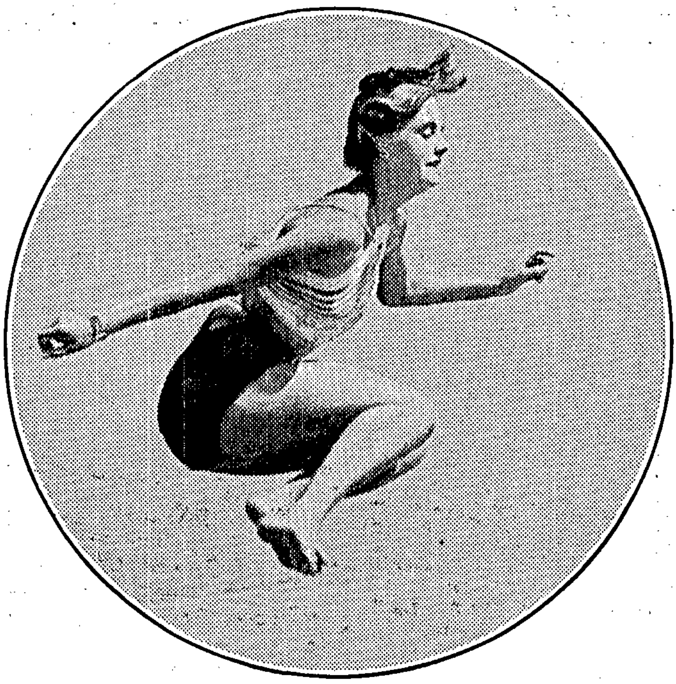
For 12 years scientists have been trying to establish in New Zealand the tiny parasite *Habrolepis dalmanni*, in the hope that it will keep in check the pustular scale on English or golden oak trees. At last their efforts have been successful.

A scientist who has been carrying out investigations on the oak trees in Christchurch has announced that in a short time certain of these trees will be rid almost entirely of this scale insect.

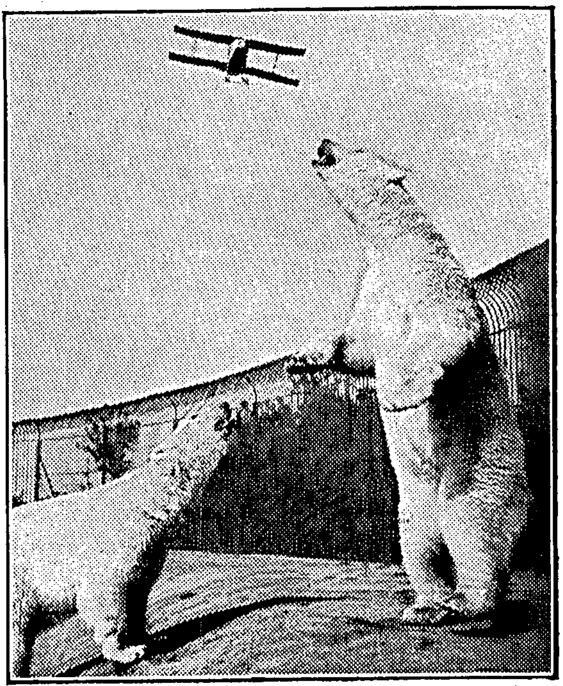
THE PINEAPPLE PEDLAR · NEW MARCONI TRIUMPH · NELSON'S SHIP



Stop Me and Buy One—Refreshing slices of pineapple are sold by this pedlar to boys and girls in Singapore.

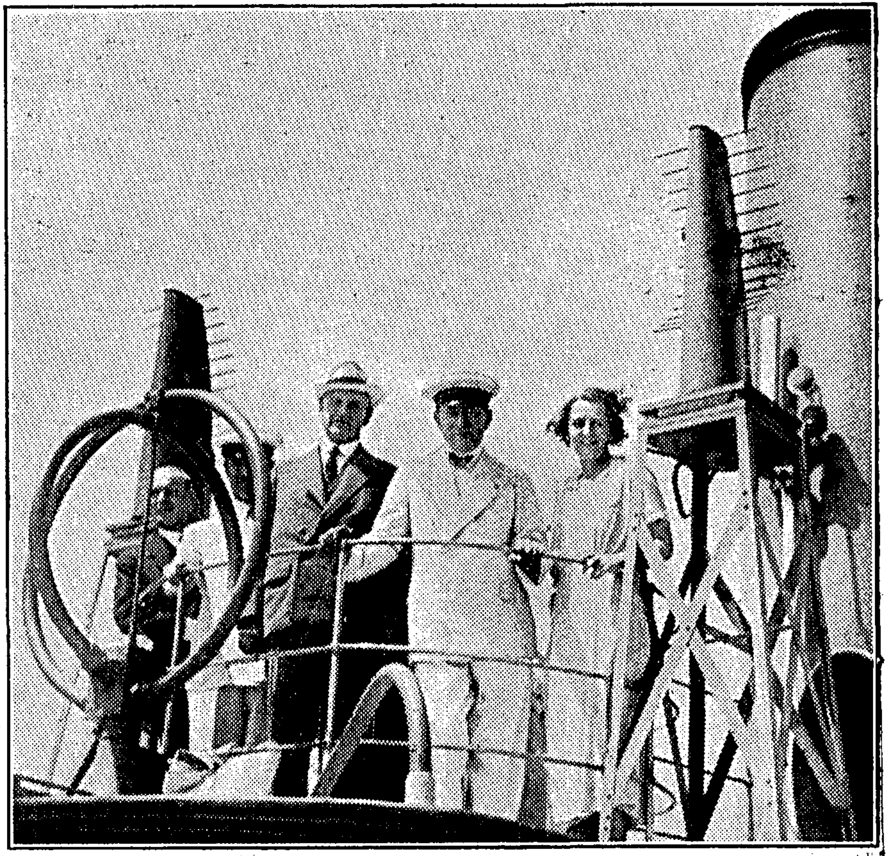


Jumping For Joy—A holidaymaker on the East Coast demonstrates the exhilarating effect of the North Sea ozone.

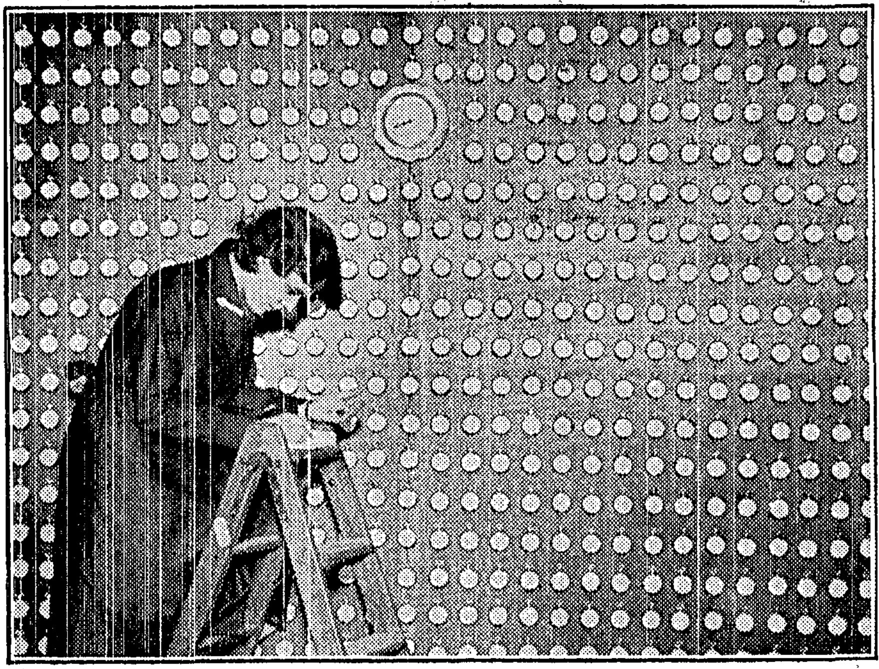


A Surprise For the Bears—A model aeroplane aroused the curiosity of the polar bears at Whipsnade the other day.

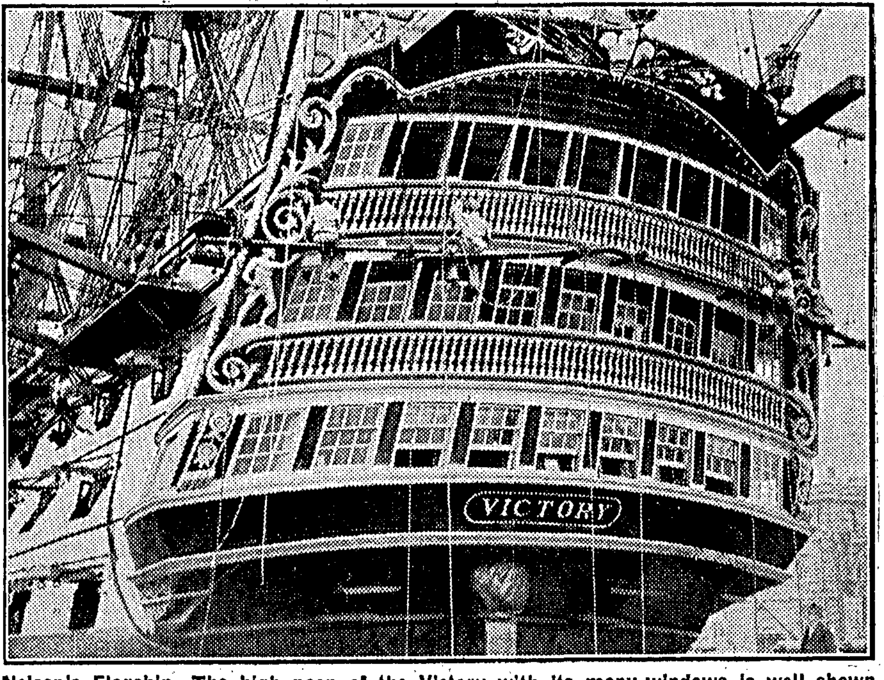
Over the Hills and Far Away—The bicycle is so universally popular today that large parties of cyclists are an increasingly common sight on the roads at week-ends.



New Marconi Triumph—Senatore Marconi is here seen on the bridge of his yacht Elettra, which has been successfully navigated by means of short-wave wireless. See page 2.



Watching the Watches—If you want to know the time ask this girl, whose work it is to check the time-keeping qualities of watches before they leave a London store.



Nelson's Flagship—The high poop of the Victory with its many windows is well shown in this picture of painters at work on Nelson's ship, which is nearly 170 years old.

HOW THE NATIONS FAILED THE LEAGUE

LORD LYTTON EXPLAINS

Turning the Covenant Into a Scrap of Paper

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Nothing has done more harm to the League of Nations, and consequently to world peace, than its failure to settle the trouble between Japan and China.

It is important to understand precisely what the situation was and why the League failed; and so we welcome the sixpenny pamphlet, issued by the League of Nations Union, in which Lord Lytton takes us, step by step, through the whole affair, making it clear that, had the members of the League been faithful to their Covenant, much more than peace in the East might have been achieved: the world might by now be putting its faith in collective security instead of arms.

A Fact Often Forgotten

What is so often forgotten is that the League has no existence outside its members. When we say the League has failed we mean that Great Britain, France, Italy, all the countries which banded themselves together to keep the peace, have failed.

Japan was a member of the League, sworn to peaceful arbitration, when she sent her army to occupy the territory of another member, treating the Covenant she had signed like another scrap of paper. She might reasonably have argued that lawlessness in that part of China through which ran her leased property, the South Manchurian railway, made it imperative for her to send troops to establish order there, and that any further territorial occupation was with the consent of local inhabitants wishing to be separated from China. Had the matter then been Japan's alone the League would have had no voice in it; but Japan did not stop to put her case before the other countries.

China, the attacked, did what a member should do, she appealed to the League to abide by their promise of united action against the warring country by breaking off all relations with her.

Not Too Late

The League sent a Commission to Manchuria with Lord Lytton at its head. It found that Japan was in the wrong, and suggested ways of righting the wrong, which were accepted by the League and China. But Japan persisted in her claim to be the sole judge of her action, resigned from the League, and proceeded to complete her conquest of Manchuria. And still the other countries looked on and did nothing to uphold China's right and the League Covenant.

We have since shown great eagerness to bring about agreement on disarmament; had we shown greater eagerness, says Lord Lytton, to see the League Covenant upheld and the dispute between its two members justly settled, the world today might have dared to disarm, trusting in a collective security which had achieved so fine a result. It is not too late even now, insists Lord Lytton, who offers some useful suggestions.

MILK FOR AN ISLAND

Swiss Goats in a Strange Home

A herd of goats provided Robinson Crusoe on his tropical island with clothing, meat, and milk; and now a herd of goats is being sent by the New Zealand Government to the Cook Islands, one of the outposts of the Empire in the South Pacific.

They are Saanen goats, one of the hardiest and best milking of Swiss breeds, and are being sent to supply milk for the children, particularly in the outlying islands of the Cook group, which covers 150 square miles and has a population of about 15,000.

TWO CLEVER BIRDS

Jacob Fetches the Doctor

There is a fascination in ravens and crows which canaries seem singularly to lack, unless they are very exceptional canaries indeed.

We make no apology, therefore, for passing on two stories told to us by an animal lover who claims an intimate acquaintance with the subjects of both.

A certain famous surgeon had a pet raven named Jacob, which accompanied him everywhere like a dog, even to fluttering in the wake of his car when he went to see his patients. One day Jacob disappeared, and the family was beginning to mourn him as lost for ever when, late one night, he returned in a singularly excited condition, and, pecking and pulling at his master's trousers, made him understand that he wanted him to follow where he led.

The Raven and the Crow

Eventually both went out into the garden together and the doctor, turning his electric torch on the spot where the raven halted, found a young raven lying on the ground with a broken leg. He picked it up, carried it to the house, and laid the leg in splints. Nature did the rest, and soon the newcomer was hopping about the place as one born in it.

Did Jacob know his owner was a famous surgeon? Or did he come to him for help merely because he thought him the wisest human being he knew?

The hero of the other story was for some time a well-known figure in the life of a certain little Transylvanian town. It was a crow named Freddy, belonging to the family of the chief of police. Freddy, too, seemed to be aware of the nature of his owner's profession and acted accordingly, adopting and attaching himself to all policemen as to natural allies. For hours on end he would stand by the side of a policeman on duty, or follow him gravely up and down his beat; and he was very well able to distinguish between respectable citizens and tramps or other reprehensible persons, flying at the shins of these as furiously as he did at the children who teased him.

A Very Important Bird

He was, in fact, a very busy and important bird, for every now and then he would feel it incumbent upon him to have a look round at home to make sure that all was well. If he found an unknown person lingering near the front door, that person would have to be a very brave one to stand his ground even for two minutes. For the rest, it must be confessed that this was but a case of setting a thief to catch a thief, for when Freddy's own private lair under the attic stairs was discovered it was found that he had hoarded in it a number of sardine tins, a silver watch and chain, and a huge kitchen knife.

Freddy is no longer in the land of the living. But the policemen of his native town still remember how, when they said to him: "We must keep a sharp look-out, Freddy," he would lay his head on one side and gaze knowingly this way and that, scouring the streets with his keen eyes for fugitives. And they will say with a sigh: "We shall never see his like again."

DOG DELIVERS THE C.N.

In the midst of the bustle of Leeds traffic, the other day, a dog was seen coming out of a newspaper shop with a paper in his mouth.

He dodged in and out among the people in great haste. At one point he was held up, and it was noticed that the paper he carried was the C.N.

He seemed in great haste to deliver it, and was watched as he made his way to the corner of the street where a young girl, who looked as if she was on her way to school, awaited him.

With a joyful wag of his tail he delivered the paper to her and was given a friendly pat and what looked like a piece of toffee. He then trotted off home in another direction.

HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT

A Tale From Ibadan

THE MEN WHO BUILT THEIR CHAPEL

In those good old days when there were films which child and grown-up could both enjoy, we saw charming Mary Pickford as an orphan girl adopted by two very prim ladies. Should she cut herself another helping of cake while she was alone in the kitchen? Her eyes fell on a text on the wall, Thou shalt not steal; and, conscience-stricken, she turned sadly away—only to come face to face with another text, God helps those who help themselves. Who will forget the relief with which she took the extra piece of cake?

It seems that many people in Nigeria have been finding that motto encouraging. The story comes from Wesley College at Ibadan in Africa.

Nigeria's Bright Young Men

Most certainly the Methodist Missionary Society has not the grudging spirit of Mary Pickford's prim guardians; but the students knew well that there were far too many calls on its funds for them to ask for a chapel which should be the most beautiful building in the compound; so they decided not to take it but to make it.

Some of the work was beyond them, but the staff and students made thousands of bricks, collected great quantities of stone, and laid tons of ferro-concrete.

Eight years ago the Governor of Nigeria laid the foundation-stone, three years ago the nave was finished, and now they are tackling the chancel. Several generous gifts have come from friends in England, but most precious have been the contributions from those who have passed through the college and those who are still working there.

Nigeria can face the future confidently with young men like these.

BIG CRIMES AND LITTLE ONES

Tracked By Redskins

In harmony with the present policy of treating the American Indian in a more dignified way the United States Government has granted the request of the Tribal Council of Navajo Indians to form their own police force.

Thirty full-blooded Navajos now scour the wide spaces of the Navajo Reservation on fine horses, keeping order.

Special-Officer Mueller of Fort Defiance, Arizona, who trained these Redskins to be policemen, reports considerable difficulty in translating legal terms into their language. They have, for instance, no way of distinguishing between misdemeanours and felonies. The best they could do was to term them Big Crimes and Little Crimes.

Soon after the Navajos were enrolled for police duty they proved their usefulness by detecting four persons said to have been concerned in a Big Crime.

SMALL FAMILIES

Less Than Four Persons

It is often said that large families are still common among the masses of our people, but this mistakes the facts.

The masses of the people form its majority, and if the majority of people had large families the average family would be big.

The latest official reckoning of the average size of families is based on the Census of 1931. England and Wales, then possessing a population of 39,988,000, had 10,233,000 families, so that the average family consisted of just less than four. This could only result from large families forming a very small proportion of the whole.

FOOD WITH HOPE

A GREAT WOMAN'S GREAT WORK IN JEOPARDY

Perhaps the Saddest Little Children in All Europe

TOO POOR FOR THE PAWNSHOP

It was a terrible picture that Major H. E. Crawfurd painted when he told his friends about his visit to Hungary.

Hungary was a fair and smiling land until she had destitution thrust upon her by the war and the treaties; today the poverty in Budapest exceeds anything he has ever seen, either in Russia or in London's East End. Of her million inhabitants 157,000 are without means of subsistence.

"If I were asked today to start relief work to provide these people with food, I should refuse," said Julie Vajkaj, whom Major Crawfurd's talk introduced; yet Madame Vajkaj's home is among these starving thousands, and she is one of the great-hearted women of Europe and a member of the League of Nations Child Protection Committee.

Julie Vajkaj wants to do something more. She wants to give food with hope, and she has found a way.

Baby Welfare Stations

The baby welfare stations provide milk for destitute babies, children in school have at least one meal a day; Budapest manages that. But school ends there at 12, though few people find work under 16. It is to children of this age that Madame Vajkaj has turned her attention, more especially the girls.

With the help of the Save the Children Fund she has arranged schools for them where they may both learn and earn, while their characters are given every possible opportunity to grow through an ingenious scheme of self-government that Madame Vajkaj has built up out of her rich experience with girls.

How the Girls Help

Most of these girls go out to factory work at 16. They always find work; they always earn above the average, and a good number of them become forewomen in a comparatively short time. Each of these girls takes home a regular wage, and immediately hers ceases to be a completely derelict family. They look forward to the day when they can leave the cave they have dug for themselves in the side of the hill, or the old wreck of a taxi on the common which serves them for home. Thus, by making a good workwoman out of one of Budapest's refugee children, Julie Vajkaj's scheme gives a whole family hope.

Helping this work is not like pouring water into a barrel with a hole in it. This must have been in the mind of the late Sir Colville Barclay when he gave £400 to start three new work-schools in Budapest. Each school cares at first for about 30 girls and costs £135 a year to run. Sir Colville's gift insures the life of these three schools until Christmas. Madame Vajkaj has just been in England to see if his countrymen will carry on when his money is gone.

London and Budapest

One of the contrasts between a London slum and a Budapest slum which Madame Vajkaj noticed is that it is often next to impossible to get up the stairs in a London slum dwelling late at night, because of the furniture that has been moved out on the landings to make room for the beds. But in Budapest there is no furniture to go on the landing. The municipality gave each district a fund to enable the destitute to redeem the basic necessities of life from the pawnshops. In many districts this has not been used, for *the people have nothing to redeem.* It is children from such homes as these who are fed and educated for life in the Save the Children Fund's Work-Schools in Budapest that now need help.

SATURN AT HIS NEAREST

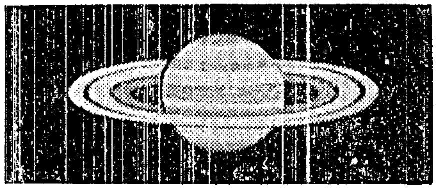
A Scene of Unique and Exceptional Beauty

MARVELLOUS VANISHING RINGS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Saturn will be at his nearest to us for this year on Saturday, August 18, when he will be about 819,000,000 miles away; he will therefore be at his brightest next week, and may be readily identified low in the south-east sky after about 9 o'clock.

Each year this planet appears less bright even though he comes nearer to us by about 7½ million miles. This is because his marvellous Rings are closing up, as can be seen by comparing the accompanying picture of Saturn with those shown in the C.N. on August 5 last year and on July 23, 1932.


Saturn and three of his moons, showing the extent to which his rings have now closed up

Since Saturn's Rings are brighter than his sphere the fact that we are seeing them more edgewise so reduces the total light received by the naked eye that it more than counterbalances the greater amount coming from his nearer sphere.

The cause of Saturn coming nearer to us each year is his approach to perihelion or nearest to the Sun; then Saturn is nearly 100 million miles nearer than when he is at aphelion, or his farthest from the Sun.

In 1936–7 the Rings will appear to close up altogether, and on two or three occasions about that time will completely vanish. This will be because the Earth will have become so placed relative to Saturn that his Rings will be presented toward us edgewise; and being relatively very thin, notwithstanding their immense extent, they will become imperceptible in most telescopes. Only in the largest instruments a line of radiant dots and dashes may be glimpsed where the multitude of particles composing the Rings are thickest.

Though the circumference of the outer Ring is about 530,000 miles and the width of the whole Ring system from inner to outer edge is about 41,500 miles, this vast luminous "track" is less than 100 miles thick, so that were it constructed as a model to scale with the Ring system, say 18 inches in diameter, extremely thin tissue paper would be needed to represent their proportionate thickness.

A Beautiful Phenomenon

The Rings disappear thus at two periods during Saturn's long journey round the Sun; that is, at alternate intervals of 16 and 13½ years. The last occasion was in 1921 and previous to that in the summer of 1907. So now that Saturn is approaching the end of his year, which is 29½ times as long as ours, he will repeat once more the beautiful phenomenon of his vanishing Rings.

At present we are looking down upon the north or upper side of them, but after 1937 we shall for between 13 and 14 years look up, as it were, at the under or south side of the Rings. During this time they will gradually widen or open out until the ball of Saturn appears in the middle of them; then they will begin to close up again and finally vanish once more.

When the Rings have nearly closed up the scene presented is quite unique and one of exceptional beauty, for the Rings then appear as a straight line and, as seen through small telescopes, resemble a luminous knitting-needle pushed through a radiant ball of wool with Saturn's moons extending from each end like celestial beads. G.F.M.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

The Battle of Blenheim

AUGUST 13

In the poem by Robert Southey from which these passages are taken Old Kaspar, accustomed to war, regards it as a pathway to fame. But the grandchildren instinctively feel its wickedness and uselessness, and get nearer the truth. The "famous victory" was won on August 13, 1704.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"Tis some poor fellow's skull (said he)
Who fell in the great victory."

"Now tell us what twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes.
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English (Kaspar cried)
Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said (quoth he)
That twas a famous victory.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin
"Why, that I cannot tell (said he),
But twas a famous victory."

GOERING'S GOOD DEED

It is very pleasant to find a good thing to say about General Goering.

There is good in everyone, but sometimes it is hard to discover it; and when the discovery is made at last we ought to rejoice accordingly.

Herr Bengt Berg, the Swedish ornithologist, has asked General Goering to establish a Game Park on the Darss peninsula in Pomerania, and the general has replied, "I'll do that."

This Game Park has been a dream of Herr Berg's for some time, but the former rulers of Prussia were not interested in it.

Herr Berg says Goering loves animals, and compares him with Field-Marshal Allenby, whom he met in Egypt, and who "did not speak of his conquest of Palestine, but of the wild elephants and birds he loved to watch in his hours of ease."

FIGHTING ALLIGATOR

AND FOOLISH YOUNG CROCODILE

Keepers Intervene in an Exciting Duel at Regent's Park

MARIA DESERTS HER CUBS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

George, the Zoo's centenarian alligator from the Mississippi, has again experienced the joy of fighting a duel.

For the last few years this 12 ft. saurian has been living in solitary confinement because when allowed to share a home with other alligators and crocodiles he habitually fought with his housemates and often inflicted fatal wounds on them.

Of late, however, he was believed to be reforming, and as he had lost most of his teeth there was some doubt as to whether he would still be a menace to other members of his family. Now George has made it quite clear that his apparent reformation was merely due to lack of opportunity.

How the Encounter Began

He was confined to one section of the large pond devoted to crocodiles and alligators by means of an iron fence, and one afternoon he hit this fence with his tail so violently that he broke down a part of it. The hole was not large enough for George to get through, and his neighbours would have had no excitement if a foolish young crocodile had not decided to pay the centenarian a visit.

As soon as he had entered George's domain he realised his mistake and tried to retreat, but George was too quick. He seized the crocodile in his jaws and tried to swallow him, while the unhappy victim lashed out violently with his tail.

Fortunately the noise made by the struggling saurians was heard by the keepers, who hurried to the scene and separated the combatants, whereupon the crocodile lost no time in swimming back to his own home, and for days afterwards he and his friends took care to keep as far away as possible from the barrier protecting them from the combative centenarian.

A Portuguese wolf called Maria has disgraced herself by deserting her family of five month-old cubs. Apparently she became bored by motherhood because it entailed spending most of her time quietly in the nursery and she had been used to a more lively existence.

The Hungry Babies

It had been her habit to bully her mate on every possible occasion, and to squabble with him most successfully over every scrap offered by callers; and as the male wolf had been separated from his family, and visitors were not allowed in the nursery, Maria found her cubs a nuisance.

So one day she left the sleeping-box and for the following night and day sat in an inaccessible position and refused to take any notice of the pitiful cries of her hungry babies.

The keeper then removed the cubs and prepared to rear them by hand. At first they were rather a problem, because they were in need of something more substantial than milk. However, it was decided to try them on a diet of minced tripe stewed in milk, and fortunately this suited them.

They are delightful little creatures, as friendly as any puppy, and visitors are able to visit them in their nursery.

HIS BEST FEATURE

There are some persons whose features lend themselves to decorative art, while there are others, like myself, whose features might convey impressions to future generations that would require explanation. I prefer to be remembered for what I was rather than for what I looked like. Rev Edward Schomberg on declining to have his portrait painted

'This is a jolly drink!'

DURING the hot summer weather children find 'Ovaltine,' served *cold*, a delicious and refreshing beverage, and at this season they particularly need the nourishment it so abundantly supplies.

With more time for play, children use up energy in spendthrift fashion and light summer meals do not provide sufficient nourishment to replace this. That is why 'Ovaltine' should be the regular mealtime beverage, for it contains all the valuable food elements necessary to make even the lightest meal complete in nutritive value.

Scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs, 'Ovaltine' is *all* health-giving and energy-creating nourishment.

But, remember, it *must* be 'Ovaltine.' There is nothing "just as good." Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain any Household Sugar to give it bulk and reduce the cost. Furthermore, 'Ovaltine' does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa. Reject substitutes.

'OVALTINE' Served COLD

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P729

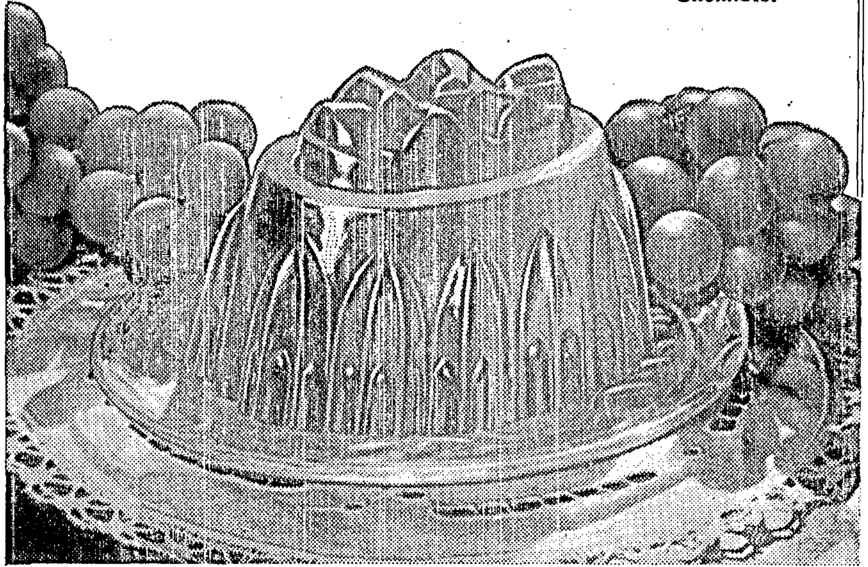
A delicious Sweet for any occasion

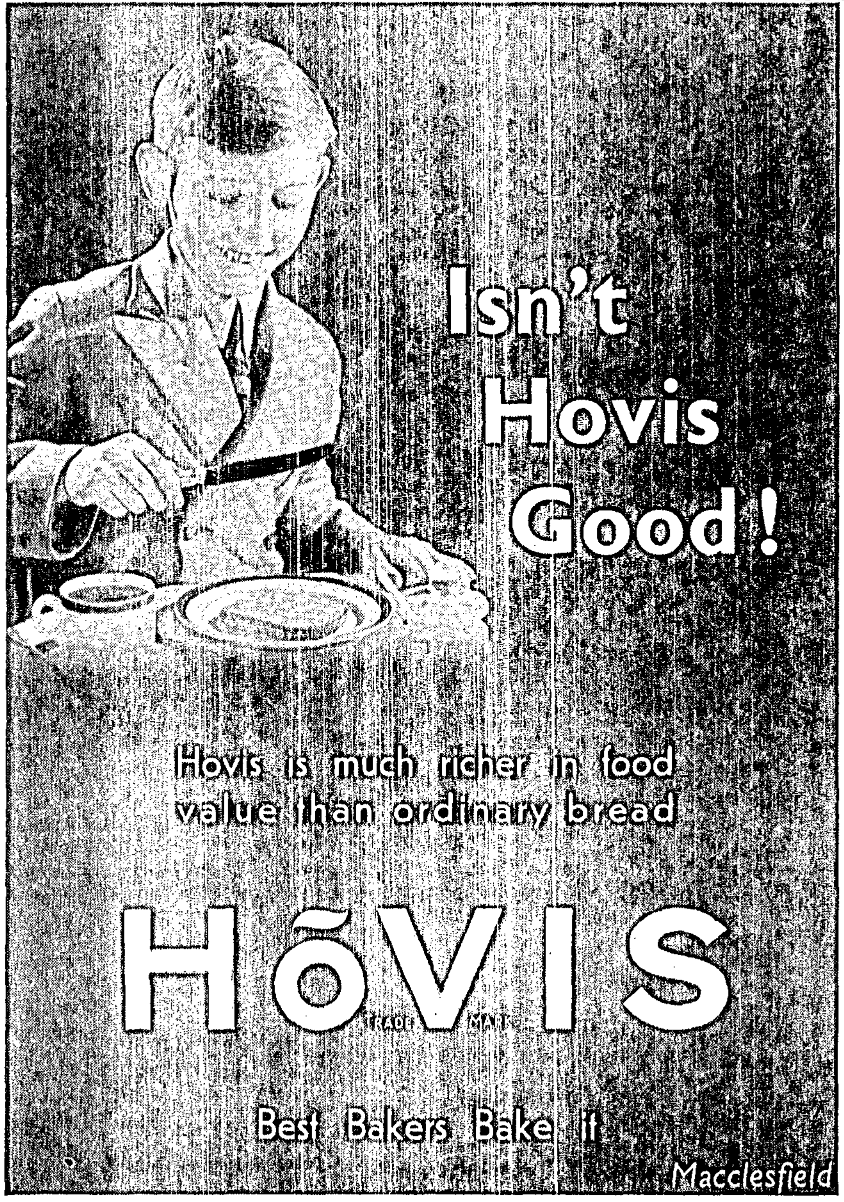
The wise mother always keeps a packet or two of Wincarnis Wine Jelly in the house. Then she is never at a loss to produce at short notice a delicious sweet worthy of *any* occasion.

Children love Wincarnis Wine Jelly—and it's *so* good for them. Yet, because it is a *real* Wine Jelly made from the luscious black wine grapes of Sunny Spain, it pleases the most discriminating adult too. If you are offered substitutes, remember that Wincarnis has a bouquet and a subtlety of flavour which no "so-called" wine jelly can imitate.

WINCARNIS

(NON-ALCOHOLIC) **WINE JELLY** 7½d. a packet at all good Grocers and Chemists.





GOING TO SCHOOL AGAIN

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE AFTER 40 YEARS

The Days That Were and the Days That Are

CHANGES OF A GENERATION

A well-known story writer for boys has been visiting his old school, and he sends us these impressions on seeing it again.

It was the first time I had seen my school for more than forty years. There were new buildings, more fives courts, the trees had grown, yet outwardly it looked much the same.

The difference was in the boys. The first thing to be noticed was that they all seemed busy and occupied. In old days you would have seen dozens strolling round the court, staring idly at the notice boards, loafing with their hands in their pockets. The tuck shop was always crowded, and in winter any classroom that had a fire had its ring around it, the boys ragging one another, very often bullying some wretched youngster.

Nothing Else To Do

The bullying was bad. Having once been the youngest of 480 the writer knows all that there is to be known on that subject. His school in the eighties was little better than Rugby in Tom Brown's day in the matter of bullying.

There is an old Negro song about a frog who came to everlasting grief "because he hadn't nothing else to do." That was the trouble with schoolboys at that date: there was so little to do. True, there were compulsory games on half-holidays—compulsory horror for the youngsters; and there was an unpleasant institution called a sweat on other afternoons. Boys had to run from three to five miles, and got beaten if they slacked. There was also plenty of fagging.

Walks and Tea-Parties

Yet even a fag had some spare time on his hands, but, unless he was keen on natural history, had absolutely no way of employing it. He might, of course, read, but what boy wanted to sit and read when he had seven hours a day of compulsory sitting on a hard form? On Sundays some of the junior masters used to take favoured youngsters for a walk. These walks were hugely appreciated. So, too, were the tea-parties which the same masters gave after chapel in the evening; but you were exceptionally lucky if you got two such evenings in a term.

For the rest, there was absolutely no provision for amusement in leisure hours. Bicycles were just coming in, but they were of the old high variety, extremely dangerous, and by no means in favour with the authorities. The fine carpentering shops which are now filled with enthusiastic amateurs did not exist. There were, of course, none of the cameras which now keep so many idle hands busy, and wireless was unknown.

Dreadful Winter Terms

Golf was unknown, lawn tennis was frowned on as a namby-pamby game. Outside cricket, football, and hockey, the only games were fives, bat fives, and racquets, but there were so few courts that younger boys had precious little chance of getting one. For nearly 500 boys there was one court for racquets, two for squash, and only half-a-dozen for fives.

The one institution which catered for leisure in the eighties was the Natural History Society, which had some fifty members. Known as the Bug and Beetle, it was an object of scorn to the game lords, who strongly objected to giving leave off cricket or football for a half-holiday ramble. Yet the writer looks back to it as the salvation of his schooldays. He was mad on birds, and had a chum who was equally mad on butterflies and moths. When they could escape they ranged the country for miles, and enjoyed many happy hours in forming collections of eggs and insects. In the summer term there were field days when the whole society drove off immediately after morning school and visited interesting places too distant to reach afoot.

But the winter terms were dreadful. Unless a boy was good at football or fleet of foot his spare time hung on his hands. Big fellows bullied little ones, little ones skulked in corners like hunted cats. Boys got into all kinds of trouble simply because they had nothing else to do.

The greatest and best change in Public School life since my day is that the modern boy has plenty to do in his spare time. There is no more loafing and little, if any, real bullying.

Continued from the previous column

INDIA WILL HAVE A NEW UNIVERSITY

An Enterprise on Old Foundations

REBUILDING ON IDEAS OF 500 B.C.

India is to have another university, but it will be different from the others and will have great historic associations. The name of the new seat of learning is the International Buddhist Academy.

During his viceroyalty the late Lord Curzon carried out many schemes of archaeological survey and excavated many interesting places. Among those was a place called Sarnath, a few miles from Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus and a centre of orthodoxy.

Here Buddha, himself born of orthodox Hindu parents, raised the standard of revolt against priestcraft, animal sacrifices, caste, and superstition. He declared 500 years before Christ the great law of Compassion toward all creatures, and advocated the freedom of the individual soul to approach its own Destiny without the medium of priesthood.

Lost in the Jungle

Through centuries of invasions and chaos the monasteries and schools which were built by Asoka, the Buddhist emperor, in 243 B.C. were deserted and lost in the jungle.

When the excavations began it was found that the rooms, the passages, the utensils, and even the water-jugs were in perfect condition.

It was Lord Curzon's policy that all discoveries should be studied in their proper surroundings, and he started a museum where every object excavated was on view.

Among these was found a perfect piece of sculpture showing three lions sitting on a pedestal, facing in different directions. This has become a classical piece of Indian art, and copies of it have been reproduced in many museums.

International Outlook

For the last thirty years Buddhists from all over the world have gone to see this sacred spot. At last arrangements have been made through the cooperation of the Government of India to establish a university which will be international in outlook, where the teachings of Buddha will be studied by those who wish to understand him.

A modern scientific block is to be constructed where research work will be carried on, but the research will only be of such a nature as will benefit the human and animal creation. No encouragement will be given to those who wish to make science destructive.

An international board of 25 people will control the affairs of the academy. The staff and the pupils will live in the ancient style of simplicity, sharing all things in common, and thus the old and the new will be united and the best in the East and the West find a medium of expression.

WHAT WOULD BUNYAN SAY?

Pilgrim's Progress on the Stage

The Pilgrim's Progress is not often seen on the stage (what *would* John Bunyan say ?), and it is surprising that this favourite storybook of English-speaking people is so often overlooked by dramatic societies in our towns and in our villages.

When scenes from Bunyan's famous book were acted by the St Margaret's Settlement in Bethnal Green not long ago an immense audience was held spellbound. There was not standing room, and although the play lasted about two hours without a break interest in it was sustained to the end.

This moving and dramatic story gained rather than lost by coming to life on the stage.

All the stage properties and most of the dresses were made at the Settlement. The Baby Club provided the cherubs who ran in and rolled away Christian's bundle of sins when it fell from him at the foot of the Cross. Members of the Boys Clubs delighted in playing the ferocious lions guarding the path to the House Beautiful and the demons who beset Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Other children from the Play Centres were angels in the Celestial City. The crowd in the exciting and spectacular scene in Vanity Fair was composed of mothers of club members.

The music, written for the occasion by Mr T. M. Horder, was sung by the Settlement Choral Society.

BAD WEATHER FOR STORKS

No Rain—No Food

We do not know how our herons have been managing this dry summer, but we hope they have always been able to find some little stream with enough food in it for themselves and their families.

Nesting as they do in the tree-tops in lonely woods, it is not so easy to find out what is happening to them as to the long-legged birds of Germany, the friendly storks which build their nests on the roof-tops.

And it is sad news from storkland. The drought in Germany has caused a great shortage of frogs and small fish. Some storks have even left the streams to search for worms in the wake of the plough. But the new diet has proved a sparse one, and it is feared that many of the nestlings are so underfed that they will not have the strength to make their usual autumn journey to the sunny south, but will be left a prey to the northern winter.

It seems that some storks have not been able to bear the thought of returning to the nest with empty beaks, and have weakly stayed away, leaving the young ones to call in vain ; while others with harder hearts but perhaps more sense have just pushed the fledglings out of the nest to go and fend for themselves.

THE GENEROUS ACT OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

Hungarians Bless His Name

Among the deeds of good men that live after them must be recorded a generous act by John Galsworthy.

Moved by the tales that reached him from Hungary he decided that he would devote the royalties from translations of his books and plays sold in that country to relieving the destitution there.

How many Hungarians bless his name cannot be stated, but it has been placed on record that from March to June last over 23,000 destitute men, women, and children were helped with the royalties from the sale of his works.

STRONG ENOUGH TO DIE

And Strong Enough To Bear

Many things in real life are stranger than fiction.

Rarely have we read more beautiful words than those of Hermann Fischer, a German workingman condemned to death for disagreeing with Herr Hitler.

On the night he died Herr Fischer wrote to his wife :

Dear Henny,—I send you my last thanks for the years which you gave me, the happy years I spent at your side, sharing joys and sorrows.

I am proud in the certainty that, when I thank you for your love, this love is strong enough to bear with courage what you now have to bear.

At our last meeting I felt how deep and strong your love is, and it gave me courage to face the scaffold.

All my wishes accompany you on your further path through life. May you have the power to smooth the paths of the children and make their lives as happy as our own have been.

I have nothing to reproach myself with. I answer for my deeds with the utmost that I have to give—my life. May you live to see the happiness for which I die.

There was more ; but we can read between the lines something of the fine character which inspired them. What a comfort it must have been to the condemned man to know that her love is *strong enough to bear with courage what she now has to bear !*

WE CANNOT PEOPLE THE EMPIRE

A High Commissioner's Mistake

The High Commissioner for Australia, Mr Stanley Bruce, remarked the other day that

There is one thing Australia can take which Argentina and Denmark can never take—that is, your people. In the great days of Britain's prosperity she could not absorb the whole of her people. She will again have a great migration. It is to the Dominions she will have to look to absorb these people, and they cannot do it unless they are prosperous.

Mr. Bruce has apparently not studied our vital figures. *We cannot any longer be a migrating people.* The population is virtually declining. We could only encourage emigration by sending away young men and women we shall sorely need. In the days of which Mr Bruce speaks we had every year a big surplus of people, but that is no longer true. A big emigration now would ruin our land.

A LITTLE BIT OF THE WAR

The drought has been responsible for some curious discoveries.

One of the most surprising was that of a torpedo dropped from the air during a German raid in the war. It had probably not exploded because it fell into the River Medway, where it stuck just below the bank at the foot of a garden. It was the lowness of the river owing to the drought which revealed it to the owner of the garden.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Three panels Gobelins tapestry	£1050
Portrait by John Zoffany . .	£1020
27 letters by Nelson	£450
18th-cent. Brussels tapestry panel	£441
Set of 12 Chippendale chairs .	£326
1st ed. Boswell's Life of Johnson	£280
A Tompion clock	£250
Codicil to Nelson's will . . .	£240
Cotman water-colour drawing .	£163
1st ed. FitzGerald's Omar . .	£135
Pair of Chippendale side-tables .	£126

hot?

You can taste lime juice in Rowntree's

What is the opposite of 'hot'? The answer is 'LIME JUICE'! The cool, clear, exciting, sweet, sharp tang of refreshing lime-juice! And now—all you boys and girls, when you're playing cricket or tennis—this is where you'll find it. It's a real thirst-quenching sweet, with real lime-fruit flavour, from Rowntree's. So who cares now if there's fielding for the rest of the afternoon and no hope of a drink till afterwards? Just say "Pass the Pastilles."

SOLD LOOSE 6d. A QUARTER, AND IN PACKETS TO SUIT ALL POCKETS.

CLEAR GUMS

HARD

These make the fruit flavour last longest. Enjoy them quietly on your walks and while you read. They are the juiciest and sweetest of sweets—real chums.

JUICY-FRUITS

SOFT

Some good things are too good to last long. While one of these melts quickly in your mouth you think of nothing else. Then what you think about is the next one.

FRUIT PASTILLES

MEDIUM

For when you want a sweet to last—but not too long. There are many such moments before the next set and on the walk to school.

SPECIAL (ASSORTED) SAMPLER

Rowntree's want everyone to taste these Fruit Flavours and to remember the three forms in which they are sold: hard, soft and medium. Their threepenny sampler packet contains an assortment of flavours in all three consistencies : Clear Gums, Juicy-Fruits and Fruit Pastilles. Be sure of your sampler by asking for it to-day.

3D

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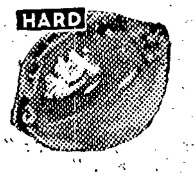
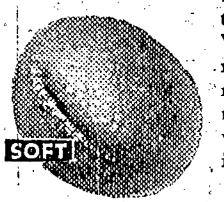
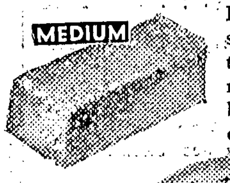






THE RED LIGHT

A Mystery Story
By John Mowbray

What Has Happened Before

Arnold and Birkin, two senior boys at Bodlands, run away from school one night, and take refuge in a little cottage, the home of Arnold's old nurse Mary.

Meanwhile their absence is discovered. No one can explain it. The search begins.

CHAPTER 5

Refuge ?

It was a curious sensation to Birkin to be here in this cottage, in this little room with the china dogs on the mantelpiece, and the fire crackling and blazing and Arnold on the other side of the hearth, and this woman who had turned out such a good friend—and then to think of the excitement behind them at Bodlands, of the runnings up and down, as he pictured, in East House, of Mr Lakin's alarm, of the hue-and-cry, and the hunt around Fordborough Junction, while all the time they were safely stowed away here!

" Who'd ever dream where we were ? " he uttered.

" No," said Arnold. " But we can't stay here always."

" You have got some idea for our next move ? "

" Yes, if Mary will give us a hand. In the morning, for we'll have to lie low here tonight."

" You're taking it calmly," said Birkin.

" And what about you ? " countered Arnold, with a smile. " Think what a stew you were in before we set off ! " And on this that smile was instantly wiped off his face at some sudden recollection. " On my word ! " he exclaimed, with a deep breath. " I'm glad to get out of it ! "

" And so am I," muttered Birkin. " We mustn't be caught, Arnold." He had jumped to his feet and was staring in fright at his friend, as he'd stared in the reading-room before they escaped. He went to the window, and listened. He lifted a corner of the blind. " I thought I heard something," he muttered.

" What did it sound like ? "

" A car ! " whispered Birkin.

The woman had gone from the room to fetch some more coffee. " A car ? " questioned Arnold. " But there aren't any cars in the village."

" The Head's got a car ! "

" Oh, steady, man ! " Arnold repeated. " If you heard a car it has passed."

" Shall I turn the lamp down ? "

There was a big oil-lamp with a glass bowl on the table. Arnold stretched across to it and lowered the wick. " Will that suit you better ? " he laughed.

" Does the kitchen light show, Arnold ? "

" Hush ! Listen ! What's that ? "

The bark of a motor-horn had sounded. It sounded once, and twice ; then the throbbing purr of an engine, which seemed slowing down.

Arnold, whose presence of mind was not to be shaken, slipped noiselessly into the passage where he met the woman coming back with a jug in her hand. He put his lips to her ear. " Quick, Mary ! " he said. " What have you got at the back of your cottage ? A field ? "

She nodded.

" Could you let us out the back way if anyone——"

But Birkin had darted out and was touching his shoulder. " It's gone," he said. " It's passed on. I peeped round the blind."

" Could you see the car ? "

" Yes, I could. I could just make it out. Its lights were bright ; it looked like a Stendhall saloon."

" That's the Head's, right enough. He's hunting for us ! "

" Yes. But he's driving on."

" Loud cheers ! " exclaimed Arnold. " He thinks we're ahead of him somewhere."

" But suppose he comes back ? " declared Birkin.

" Well, *we* can't go forward. That's plain. We'll have to stay where we are."

" Suppose, then, we went up to bed ? "

" No," said Arnold ; " too risky."

He led the way back to the sitting-room, thinking hard. " We can't go on, and we can't go back," he said finally. " Mary, do you mind if we stay where we are, and keep the light low like this, and you turn out your kitchen light ? "

" So you're not on a walking tour, Master Robert ? " she said.

" No. Haven't you tumbled to that yet ? We're running away, Mary."

" You're running away from Bodlands ? "

" Yes. From the school, Mary."

" You belong to the school ? " she said, and turned colour again.

" We did belong. But we've had enough of it, Mary."

" Yes," she murmured, plucking nervously at her apron.

They left the light low, and Birkin pinned the curtains more closely together, while the woman returned to her kitchen and extinguished the lamp there and, after seeing to the fastenings of her front door, came back and began to pour out the coffee. Arnold watched her steadily. Then, in an undertone : " When I mentioned Bodlands just now you looked startled. What have you got against Bodlands ? " he asked.

She hesitated, and stammered : " Who said there was anything against it ? "

" You know there is," Arnold said.

" Nay, come now," she answered, " you'd better go up to your beds ; I'll soon make you a shakedown."

" Presently, Mary. But you see how we're fixed ? Until that car we heard has passed on its way back we are safer down here."

" Well," she said, " your clothes will be dry in the morning." She had turned her head and her eyes away.

" You are trying to dodge my question," he charged her. " Look at me. That's better. Now, tell me this : what *do* the people hereabouts say about Bodlands ? "

CHAPTER 6

A Traitor's Price

The woman had not seated herself. She was standing in the middle of the little room, with her arms crossed upon her chest and her manner defensive. She might have been withdrawing into some shell. But now, when neither of her visitors showed signs of stirring, she dropped her arms and, slowly, she removed her apron, folding it and laying it on the table. Then she took the poker and kneeled to the coals, uttering over her shoulder while she was raking them : " And if you are so bent on keeping an old woman up, Master Robert, you might at least find something cheerful to talk about ! "

" Mary, you're not so old, that's all humbug," coaxed Arnold. " Now come along ! What do people say about Bodlands ? "

" The mansion was burned to the ground," was her guarded reply.

" Yes, everyone knows that. Then, after the fire, the lands were bought for the school. And then the school itself was built on the site of the mansion."

She nodded. " So I've heard tell."

" But that was only quite recently," Arnold reminded her. " All the land belonged before that to the Clavydieu family. Isn't that so ? Both the mansion and the estate ; the whole bag of tricks."

" Then you know as much as I can know, Master Robert."

" Oh, no, I don't," Arnold persisted. " Out with it, Mary ! "

" Nay, you're quit of Bodlands—and thank your stars ! " she cried out, some pent-up emotion breaking her restraint at last. " You're well quit of the place ; you're well out of the place, Master Robert ! "

" Birkin and I rather think so," Arnold said dryly.

She went close to him and her fingers closed round his wrist. " Don't let them send you back, Master Robert," she pleaded. " Don't let them take you back, whatever you do ! " Her voice had risen.

" No need to grow so excited. Sit down," said Arnold, and he forced her into her own high-backed chair by the fire. Next, after giving her agitation time to subside, he asked her if she had been at Greeme when the mansion was destroyed ?

" I was. And before that."

" Long before ? "

" Aye, for some years before that. Soon after I left your mother in order to get married I came here with my husband and here I've been ever since."

" Well, I know I was still in the nursery when you left, but you see I've never forgotten you," Arnold said, smiling. " So I think you ought to tell us, honestly, Mary all the—the—the curious tales there are of the Clavydieu family ? "

" No ! " She shook her head. " There's none can tell all ! But I've heard, and perhaps I've seen, as much as I care to."

" Seen ? " cried Birkin in a sharp tone.

" Aye, seen," she repeated, settling herself in her chair. " I saw Sir Miles carried past on a stretcher when he broke his neck with the hunt over Wattlestone way. They had warned him against the mare he was riding that morning ; but he wouldn't take warnings : it wasn't the Clavydieu fashion. They were ever a wild, headstrong lot. A reckless, heathenish brood who deserved their misfortune. Aye, the family had never any good name in their own parts, whatever may have been thought of them in the great world. I allow you they might cut a figure among the outsiders."

" They were such an old family," said Birkin.

" They were ! Right from Cromwell. The story goes that in Cromwell's days they were farmers, and sided with King Charles in his war with the Parliament."

" Yes ? " Arnold encouraged her.

" Well, here it is, then, as I had it from my good man, and as he had it from his father, and so on, right back. Farmer Sturge Clavydieu didn't own his own land, he rented his few acres from Sir Thomas Wylfe. Sir Thomas, he was the owner of all the land hereabouts. And often and often, they said, he'd befriended Sturge Clavydieu, lending him money to help him along in bad seasons."

On the point of interrupting again, Birkin stopped short.

" Then the Civil War came and Sir Thomas rode off to the King, with a number of well-armed and likely lads at his back, the sons of his tenants and many of his tenants themselves."

" Yes ? " breathed Arnold.

" That's the story, as it lives by hearsay in these parts, though maybe you'll find it in the books too, Master Robert. And after the King had been beaten the Parliament wanted Sir Thomas, accusing him of having done more than most to keep the King's Standard flying when all was lost, and of taking the lead in a plot to rescue the King. So they wanted him badly. They set a price on his head. But they couldn't come upon him. He lay too snug ; and none of his tenants would breathe a word of his whereabouts, except to declare that he'd sailed away on a ship. Aye, he'd taken ship at Mynton Pool, they professed. There were many that sailed from Mynton Pool to France those days."

" And hadn't he ? "

" Nay. All the ports were too closely watched. The Parliament knew that. So they knew that he was still in the country, but they couldn't think where."

" He was hiding in his house ? "

" All the time. In a hiding-hole. Twice the soldiers had searched the house and come empty away, for none knew that hiding-hole's secret except his own lady. And excepting one other, as they learned when it was too late."

She had paused. They could guess what was coming. " Oh, go on ! " they pressed.

" Mind, I'm telling you how the story runs," she resumed. " There was one other who knew of that hiding-hole, though he'd said nothing. The Civil War had played havoc with his little farm, his stock had died, he was surely in pretty bad straits, or he couldn't have been such a traitor."

" You mean Farmer Clavydieu ? " said Arnold under his breath.

" Aye ! Sturge Clavydieu whom Sir Thomas, poor soul, had befriended. Clavydieu went secretly to the Parliament and asked them what they would give him for finding Sir Thomas ? They told him the reward had been published already ; namely, that Sir Thomas's mansion and lands would pass to the man who put him into their hands. They say Clavydieu got it in writing, then rode back home again and went quietly about his business as usual. Then after a few days he took himself off for the second time, and while he was away more soldiers came down and, making straight for Sir Thomas's house, they broke in the hiding-hole. They dragged Sir Thomas out, and galloped away with him."

" Was his life taken ? "

" Aye ! "

" And what happened to Lady Thomas ? "

" The poor thing was turned adrift for the man who'd betrayed them. She lived here and there, on charity ; just as she could. But her heart was broken, and it wasn't long before she followed her husband."

" So that is how the Clavydieus started at Bodlands ? "

" Aye, that is how the story goes," she repeated. " And when Farmer Clavydieu was established at Bodlands he was shunned like the plague by his neighbours ; there was none who would speak to him and none who would work for him, for his shame had got out. He died a sick and lonely old man, but he left a son behind him, who, being cold-shouldered as well, took to passing his time up in London. Then *his* son married and settled on the estate, and presently, as was natural, things grew easier for him. But disaster overtook him, and most of his children."

The smell of the lowered lamp was strong in their nostrils, the flickering flames threw shadows into the corners, a long shadow went crawling across the ceiling. There was no sound within nor without save the woman's hushed voice.

TO BE CONTINUED

MOTHER JACKO'S BIRTHDAY TEA

When Adolphus came home from a business trip to Switzerland he brought his mother a musical cake-dish.

Mrs Jacko was delighted. " We must use it for my birthday party tomorrow," she exclaimed.

Jacko was so thrilled with the little tune it played whenever the dish was lifted up that his mother had to lock it away in a cupboard for safety.

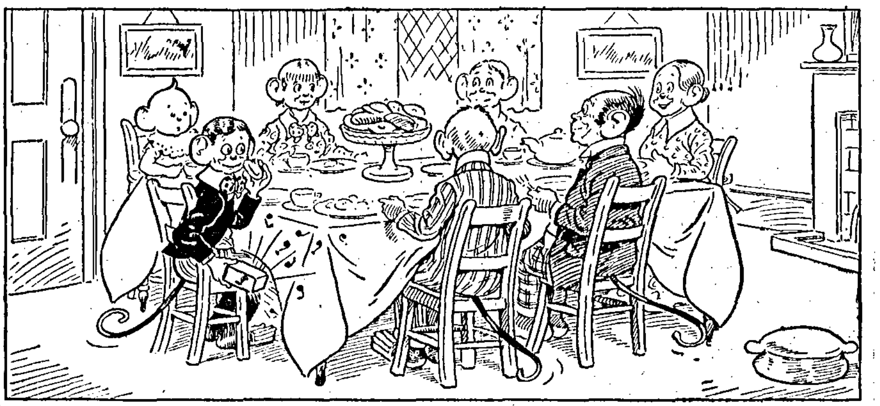
The next afternoon, when tea was all laid, Jacko's eager eyes peered round the dining-room door. On the table, piled high with cream buns, stood the new cake-dish. " Just one little tune before the others come ! " he muttered, cautiously lifting it up. But after playing for a little while the music suddenly stopped.

" Horrors ! " groaned Jacko. " Now I've broken it, and spoilt Mater's party into the bargain ! "

Soon he had a bright idea. " Coo ! " he chuckled. " I'll buy a sixpenny musical-box, and not tell anyone till the party's all over."

When Belinda and Joe arrived later they all sat down to the birthday feast. Everyone admired the new cake-dish, but no one noticed that each time it was lifted up Jacko played his own musical-box under the table.

All went well, till the enjoyment of a third cream bun made Jacko forget to play his little tune when Mr Jacko lifted the cake-dish.


Jacko played his own tune

" What's happened now ? " growled Father. " The thing won't work ! "

Jacko gave a startled jump. Suddenly there was a clatter as the musical-box fell out of his hand. His secret promptly slipped out too, and there was such a buzz of angry voices that he had hard work trying to explain.

But Adolphus was quietly examining the dish. Suddenly he exploded with laughter. " You young duffer ! " he shouted, slapping Jacko on the back. It only wants winding up ! "

Jacko grinned broadly—till he remembered that he had spent his precious sixpence for nothing !

"You have a treat in store"

Thin buttered slices of "Bermaline" are really delightful. There is no bread so digestible or nourishing. Its quality and purity are irreproachable. Try Bermaline to-day.

The Quality Bread from Quality Bakers

BERMALINE

Has your name yet appeared in this column ?

NOW IS THE TIME TO HELP

The Little Folks Home

BEXHILL-ON-SEA (44 BEDS.)

(Seaside Branch of The Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2) [160 Beds

Estd. 1867]

restore crooked limbs and pale faces to health and happiness.

The Home costs £3,500 a year to maintain.

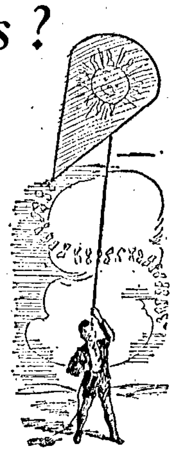
PLEASE ADDRESS GIFTS TO SECRETARY.

Grateful thanks for the following received to 31 July:

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Betty Lowe		15	0	Miss M. E. Moore		5	0
Anon (East Hythe)		2	6	Mrs. Mackarness		10	0
Bexhill School of Music	1	15	0	Mrs. A. Morris	1	1	0
Mrs. Bell		10	0	Master Bobby Main		4	0
Misses Vivien & Stella Layard		16	0	Miss Kathleen Polden		10	0
Anon (Sale, Manchester)		5	0	Miss C. M. Lowndes		1	6
P. White	2	0	0	Mrs. Castello	3	0	0
"Sarnia"		5	0	Battle Abbey School	4	10	0
Miss Anne Campbell		10	0	Thornbank School Brownies	2	0	0
Miss Daphne Martin	2	2	0	St. Anthony's School with St. Nicholas	1	0	0
Miss Ana McMurty		12	0	Miss P. M. Taylor	3	0	0
A. B. M. Cambridge		10	0	Northfield High School		10	0
Miss Lucy Rolls	5	0	0	Miss Wendy Jackson		5	0
Miss F. H. Duffield		10	0				

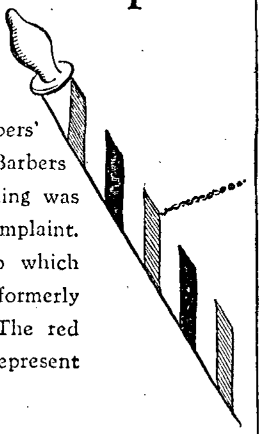
DO YOU KNOW?

Why a kite flies?



A kite can fly only because air has a great power of holding things up. When the kite is spread out there is a wide surface under which the air can come and then hold it up. But the kite flies, not only because it presents a large surface to the air, but also because it is slanted in such a way that the wind pressure forces it to rise. If the wind pressure is not strong enough, we run and pull the kite's surface against the wind, thus increasing the pressure and causing the kite to rise.

Why the barber's pole is striped?

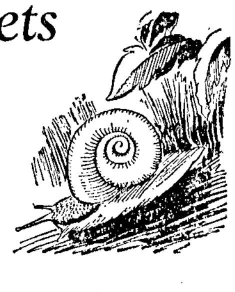


The pole which you see outside barbers' shops is a relic of olden days. Barbers used to act as surgeons, and bleeding was a common remedy for almost any complaint. The pole represents the splint to which the patient's arm was bound, and formerly a basin was suspended from it. The red and white stripes round the pole represent the bandages employed.

Why tailors' thimbles have no tops?

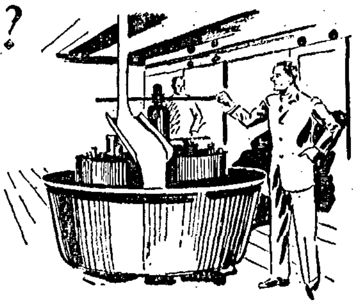
The reason why thimbles usually have tops is because in ordinary sewing the tip of the finger is used to push the needle through the material. But tailors sew through such thick material that they have to use the side of the thimble to drive the needle; so their thimbles need no tops.

How a snail gets its shell?



The snail makes its shell from its own skin in much the same way as, for instance, we grow our finger nails. If we look carefully at the snail's skin we can see how its outside cells are specially made so that they gradually get harder and harder, until they cannot be called skin at all—they have become shell. The same gradual change from soft skin to horns can be seen in such animals as the deer or the goat.

How the milk gets into Cadburys milk chocolate?



Actually a glass and a half of milk is used in making every ½lb. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. And this is how it gets there. First of all, Cadburys collect every day from hundreds of farms the fresh full-cream dairy milk. Then the water is driven off from the milk, leaving all the goodness and nourishment. This rich milk is then mixed with the chocolate—you can see the mixing machine in the picture. Then the chocolate is moulded into blocks, wrapped by machines and packed at the wonderful factory at Bournville, and finally reaches your sweetshop. So now you know that when you eat a piece of Cadburys Milk Chocolate you not only eat delicious chocolate, but you are actually eating creamy milk—quite likely from a farm you saw on your holidays.

Obtainable in 1d. & 2d. bars.

2 oz. block 2d. ***4 oz. block 4d.***

All about the Radio Show

This week's POPULAR WIRELESS is a Special Exhibition Number and contains full details of the most important exhibits at the National Radio Exhibition. Sets and components for 1935 are fully described, and there is a special detailed section for the buyer of complete sets.

Everyone who is keen on keeping abreast with the latest developments in the world of Radio should read this splendid issue of POPULAR WIRELESS. It's the same price as usual—3d. only. Get your copy to-day!

A special low-priced "P.W." receiver called the "Olympia Battery Three" has been designed for the Exhibition. Full details of this splendid set also appear in this Special Exhibition Number.

3D. Now on Sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

POPULAR WIRELESS

SPECIAL EXHIBITION NUMBER

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
August 18, 1934
Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4

THE BRAN TUB

The Striking Clock

As I woke up in the night (said Tom) I heard the clock strike once, and it struck once at half-hour intervals after that, four single strokes altogether. I know the clock strikes at each half hour, so I was able to tell what time it was when I woke up.

Can you tell when Tom awoke?

Answer next week

An African Linesman

In 1930 the Italian colony of Eritrea, on the African coast of the Red Sea, issued a set of pictorial postage stamps. Among the designs were a lancer, a postman, and a rifleman; and the stamp which is illustrated here shows a native workman climbing up a telegraph post to attend to the wires.

Anti-Splash Taps

Water flows from some taps with such force that it splashes in basins and sinks and causes considerable inconvenience. To remedy this special fittings have been made containing thin wire gauze which checks the flow of the water in the pipe. Water reaches our houses under great pressure, and the effect of the gauze is that the stream of water is broken up and flows gently out of the aperture with about half the force and speed, so that splashing does not occur.

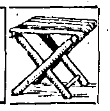
Next Week in the Countryside

Starlings are now collecting in flocks. The robin redbreast begins to sing again. The small copper butterfly and the gold-spot moth are seen. The bracts of the lime begin to fall. The common tansy, devil's-bit scabious, and woolly-headed thistle are in blossom.

Ici On Parle Français

Le cygne
Swan

Le timbre-poste
Stamp



Le pliant
Stool

Le cygne est un oiseau gracieux.
Donnez-moi ce timbre-poste grec.
Assieds-toi donc sur ce pliant.

The Professor's Age

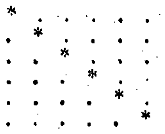
A professor of mathematics, finding it hard to obtain pupils, tried to get a job as a vacuum-cleaner salesman. He was interviewed by the staff manager of the firm, and was asked a number of questions about himself, all of which he answered promptly.

"And how old are you?" was the final question that the manager asked.

"Four times my age four years hence, less four times my age four years ago, is my age at the present moment," replied the professor cryptically.

How old was he? *Answer next week*

All Seasons



The clues to this word-square puzzle are:

Across—1. A season. 2. Another season. 3. A fruit. 4. A holiday resort on the East coast. 5. A stately old dance. 6. Yet another season.

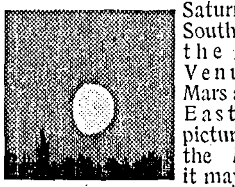
Diagonally (as indicated by stars)—Yet another season.

Answer next week

Cats on Guard

The Port of London Authority has a staff of over 160 cats to keep watch in its docks and warehouses. Of these 84 are at the London and St Katherine docks, and 42 at the India and Millwall docks. They are provided with a regular salary in the form of food, and jealously preserve their jobs against intruders. Stray cats that wander in with the idea of helping in the hunt for rats and mice are driven off by the established staff, sometimes after furious combat.

Other Worlds Next Week



In the evening the planet Jupiter is in the West and Saturn is in the South-East. In the morning Venus and Mars are in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Tuesday, August 21.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Cows, a Field, and a Barn
Cows £75, field £60, barn £9.

A Riddle in Rhyme. Telescope

Animals in Flowers
Phlox, dandel*ion*, *fox*glove, *dog*-rose

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

There are 47 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.

1	2	3		4	5	▨	6	▨	7	8		9	10	11
12			▨	13		14		15			▨	16		
	▨	17	18				▨	19			20		▨	
21	22				▨	23	24		▨	25			26	
▨	27			▨	28				29	▨	30			▨
31		▨	32				▨	33				▨	34	35
36		37		▨	38		39			▨	40	41		
42						▨		▨	43					

Reading Across. **1.** A great summer game. **7.** To combine with gas or air. **12.** A poem. **13.** A beacon. **16.** Wrath. **17.** High winds. **19.** Encounters. **21.** Weird. **23.** A head covering. **25.** Parts of the feet. **27.** A high pointed rock. **28.** A species of pepper. **30.** Twice five. **31.** An exclamation. **32.** The commonest metal. **33.** To scold. **34.** Territorial Army.* **36.** Gives forth a ringing sound. **38.** A carnivorous mammal of amphibious habits. **40.** A person's bearing. **42.** A kind of coloured pencil. **43.** A wilderness.

Reading Down. **1.** A fish of the shark kind. **2.** Editor.* **3.** A black man. **4.** Land surrounded by water. **5.** To perceive. **6.** Before noon.* **7.** Exist. **8.** Enlarges by addition. **9.** A passage way in a church. **10.** Transpose.* **11.** Snakelike fishes. **14.** The act of rising. **15.** An electrical unit. **18.** In a gay manner. **20.** Tribal emblems of Red Indians. **22.** A familiar anaesthetic. **24.** Denotes contiguity. **26.** To go in. **28.** A benefit. **29.** A fat used in cooking. **31.** This is easy. **35.** A busy insect. **37.** French for *the*. **39.** In the direction of. **41.** That is.*

Dr MERRYMAN

Impossible

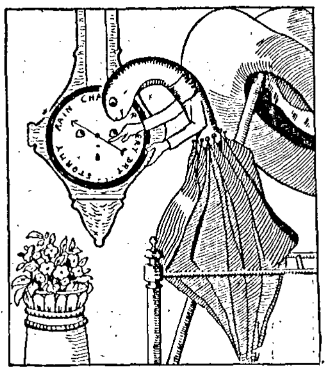
Old Mrs Thingummy was amazed. "Six feet in his boots?" she queried. "Well, I don't believe it. You might just as well tell me he has six heads in his hat."

Stationary

Motorist: Where does this road go to?

Yokel: I don't think it goes anywhere, sir. I always sees it 'ere every day.

In Need of Exercise



Mr Umbrella is growing quite
stiff: he's been too long in
the hall.
He's heard all the stories and
gossip the Stick and the Hat
can recall.
He tapped the barometer daily,
and at last gave a happy shriek.
"The rain is coming at last
(he cried). I shall go out, I
think, this week.
I'm feeling all hot and dusty; in
my ribs I've a terrible pain.
This hot weather never agrees
with me—I'm always well in the
rain."

Easy

The question of a career for Mr Newrich's son had arisen.

"I should like to be a novelist," he said.

"But do you know how to write?" asked his father.

"Well, I shall use a typewriter," was the reply.

Taking No Chances

Black: It says here that a fellow has broken the record for a delayed parachute jump.

White: Is that so? Mine will be delayed longer than that.

A Stranger

Tom: Professor Blank is quoted as saying that there are millions of germs on a pound note. Imagination, I call it.

Tim: It must have been. I've never known him to have a pound note.

Results of the first "C.N." EMBROIDERY COMPETITION

Messrs J. and P. Coats Ltd., and Messrs. Clark and Co., Ltd., have much pleasure in announcing the result of their recent Embroidery Competition, which appeared in the May 5th issue of "Children's Newspaper." As will be remembered, the prizes were offered for the best original embroidered floral designs worked in Clark's "Anchor" Stranded Cotton Numerous excellent pieces of embroidery were received in this competition, and after careful consideration, it has been decided to award the prizes in the three age groups as follows:

CLASS I. (Girls up to 10 years.)

1st PRIZE—£5/0/0.
Patricia Scaddan, 140, Laleham Road, Staines, Middx.

2nd PRIZE—£2/10/0.
Anne Robertson, Castlecraig, Nigg, Ross-shire.

3rd PRIZE—£1/1/0.
Ethel M. Stokes, Brampton, Madley, nr. Hereford.

50 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 5/- EACH.

Sonia Allen, Hitchin; M. Angier, Sevenoaks; D. Benfield, Smethwick; A. Blake, Ootacamund, India; B. Blake, Ootacamund, India; E. Bower, Gillingham; O. Chuter, Broadstairs; M. Clark, Drax; M. Collishaw King's Lynn; N. E. Cullen, Dovercourt; M. Dixon, Ashington; J. Dolby, Littleworth Stn; J. Eayrs, Oakham; A. Endersby, Forest Hill, S.E.; J. Groves, Torworth; J Hammond, London, E.; I Hays, Brixton, S.W; B. J. Herian, Bishop's Stortford; A. Holt, Teddington; P. Joynson, Aberfoyle; V. Lamb, Birmingham; E. Matlock, Broadstairs; B. Miller, Crail; N. Mortemore, Crayford; R. Moss, Bromley; P. Morham, Edinburgh; D. Nicholls, Ashington; I. Norman, Ilford; D. Paisley, Milton-under-Wychwood; J. Paisley, Milton-under-Wychwood; R. Pammenter, Chiswick, W.; M. Parker, Cheshunt; B. Price, Smethwick; B. Robertson, Nigg; H. Robertson, Nigg; P. Sharman, Kirby Muxloe, B. Sharp, Teddington; J. Sharp, Teddington; N. Shaw, Lancaster; H. M. Shorney, Bristol; I. M. Singer, Bristol; J. M. Smith, Doncaster; Y. G. Stideford, Helston; G. Strathmore, London, S.E.; J. Summerskill, Droylsden; M. Thornhill, London, N.; D Tomlinson, Drax; M. Whitehead, Hereford; M. Wilcock, Mytholmroyd; E. Wroot, Drax.

CLASS II. (Girls over 10 and up to 14 years.)

1st PRIZE—£5/0/0.
Jean Lewis, 58, Crossways Road, Knowle Park, Bristol, 4.

2nd PRIZE—£2/10/0.
Jane Coats, Leverholme, Nitshill, nr. Glasgow.

3rd PRIZE—£1/1/0.
Una Gosling, 20, Gracedale Road, Streatham Park, S.W.16.

50 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 5/- EACH.

Suzanne Aitken, Les Marecottes, Switzerland; Phoebe Alcock, Romsey; B. J. Anderson, East Ham, E.; M. Angier, Sevenoaks; D. Barber, London, E.; R. Bell, Reading; S. Bewley, Keswick; H. Browne, Sedbergh; M. Brownrigg, Keswick; M. Cartridge, Kidderminster; I. Chandler, Lr. Edmonton, N.; M. Chislett, Romford; M. Cooper, Woodbridge; M. Cornish, Okehampton; F. Edixhoven, Ashford; O. Entwistle, Blackrod; M. Everitt, South Woodford, E.; M. G. Hall, West Bromwich; J. Hammond, Letchworth; G. Harris, Bromley; J. Harvey, Cannock; J. Hill, Petts Wood; M. Jollingham, London, N.; A. Kerrison, Willington Quay; D. Knowler, Homerton, E.; F. Leask, Drem; E. B. Lunn, Drax; C. C. McKay, Tillicoultry; J. C. MacKay, Dunblane; E. Mott, Sidcup; B Norris, Hitchin; I. M. Palmer, West Bromwich; R. Partridge, Birdlip; E. Pettew, Hampton; M. Roberts, Salcombe; P. Salter, Croughton; J. Scott, Kidlington; P. Shobbrook, Rugby; I. Speirs, Campbeltown; B. Summerhayes, Taunton; M. Stirling, Muir-of-Ord; A. Sutcliffe, Royton; J. Thompton, Ashford; V. Tillyard, Cambrige; A. Waldron, Walsall; V. E. Watson, Leicester; J. White, Cork; M. Wood, Southampton; B. Woolford, Purton; J. Wright, Wingerworth.

CLASS III. (Girls over 14 and up to 18 years.)

1st PRIZE—£5/0/0.
Ada Mitchell, 21, Bankhouse Terrace, Salterhebble, Halifax, Yorks.

2nd PRIZE—£2/10/0.
Mabel Rollinson, 3, Pearson Road, Odsal, Bradford, Yorks.

3rd PRIZE—£1/1/0.
Muriel Haywood, "Avon Villa," Bath Road, Walsall.

50 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 5/- EACH.

Rasheeda S. Bawa, Galle, Ceylon; M. MacGregor-Bentham, Blackpool; H. Blakemore, Walsall; D. Blyth, Norwich; D. Brundrett, Ashford; I. Butcher, Houston; D. Clark, Forest Gate, E.; W. M. Clark, Thornton Hough; M. Clements, Ripponden; F. Coppick, Stoke-on-Trent; J. Dalziel, Stranraer; T. Drago, Senglea, Malta; G. A. Dutton, Stalybridge; H. S. Ferguson, Blairgowrie; B. Fletcher, Southgate, N.; J. Godden, Southampton; F. Goillau, Bow, E.; C. Graves, Ilfracombe; G. Griffiths, Abbey Wood, S.E.; J. Haylock Saffron Walden; M. Higgs, Ruthin; M. C. Holton, Glasgow; E. Howard, London, E.; G. E. Jackson, Bicester; V. B. Jones, Cardigan; G. Keitley, Walsall; M. Kerr, Glasgow; M. King, Worthing; J. W. Kirk, Gullane; J. Inman, Devonport; M. J. Langmore, Kokstad, South Africa; M. M. Liell, Loughton; E. M McLean, Shaldon; K. Masters, Bristol; J. U. Mather, Findern; B. Perowne, Harleston; J. Perowne, Harleston; I. Rayner-Smith, Acton, W.; K. Riley, Robertsbridge; J. Smythe, Ashford; M. Sneddon, Ashford; J. A. Speak, Bournemouth; I. Summerhayes, Langford Budville; J. Tattersall, Bury; B. Thompson, Barkingside; A. Threlfall, Blackburn; B. M. Walker, Tarporley; F. Wheeler, London, E.; B. Witt, Acton, W.; D. Zebedee, London, E.

In accordance with the offer, all entries containing the necessary stamps are now being returned.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

A SHIFTY BUSINESS

Since Gaffer Airey became the owner of the shirt he has certainly attracted attention to it either by wearing no waistcoat as often as possible or by showing a quite unnecessary length of cuff. Besides, he will persist in repeating "Honesty brings its own reward," and pointing proudly to the shirt's gorgeous pink stripes. But other villagers now make little comment except inward thanks that the pink shirt has at last ended its days of mischief.

The shirt originally belonged to Mr Noddin, who wore it at the flower-show, the fête, the bazaar, on Sundays, and on other special occasions. On washing-days Mrs Noddin proudly hung the garment in a prominent place on her clothes-line on the village green; and it was there that the trouble started.

One fateful Monday the shirt disappeared from Mrs Noddin's line. Soon an excited group of women-folk, with baskets, pegs, and washing, gathered round the distracted Mrs Noddin, who stood arguing and pointing to the vacant space where the shirt had once so proudly flaunted its pinkness.

Presently everyone moved over in a chattering mob to where Gaffer Airey was sitting beneath the big elm on the green. Yes, he had been there all that day, Gaffer said; no, he'd seen nothing suspicious, Gaffer declared; and when he heard what all the bother was about Gaffer was so shocked that he said "Tut-tut!"

Some time later that same day Mrs Noddin, returning disconsolately for the remainder of her washing, uttered a loud, startled scream—for there, back in its place on the line, was the shirt! She rushed forward and tenderly stroked its blatant stripes.

But the incident did not end there, for from that moment a nasty cloud of suspicion hung over the village. From his seat beneath the elm Gaffer Airey noticed, day after day, the spread of mischievous gossip about the shirt. People began to take sides; and poor Mr Noddin was so worried that he dared not wear the pink stripes and thus attract even more attention. Finally, with a fine gesture that closed the whole incident, Mr Noddin gave the bothersome shirt to Gaffer Airey, who shuffled home, donned the garment, and paraded himself in public so proudly that scowls soon turned to chuckles; especially when Gaffer said "Honesty brings its own reward."

But no one ever understood really what that meant to Gaffer: no one ever knew that it was he who had taken the shirt off the line, just to see how he looked in pink: that when the women gathered round him the missing shirt was under his coat; no one saw him dodge between the sheets and, behind a convenient counterpane, replace the prize. Everyone laughs good-naturedly at his references to honesty and reward as he pulls down still another inch of pink cuff.

16,000 holidays

for slum children will be provided, we hope, this year. Cost 2/- each. Their need is great. £2 pays for 20. Please send help to—

The Rev. PERCY INESON, Supt.,
East End Mission,
Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

Wilkin's
RED BOY
LIQUORICE ROLLS
The original & best!
MADE ONLY BY WILKIN

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